



THE KENDALL WHALING MUSEUM

27 Everett Street / P.O. Box 297

Sharon, Massachusetts 02067 USA

MEMOIRS

SHIP ROMULUS OF MYSTIC
1851 - 1854

E Mallery 1857 *RH Gamble*

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PREFACE

When a sailor is on a long passage at sea there is always a good deal of spare time on his hands, though he be of the most industrious habits. He reads out all his books and mends his clothes into a state of unscrupulous niceness and his passage may yet be but half made and great many hours are passed in his berth which would otherwise be passed differently if there was anything to interest the mind sufficiently. Now I have a prospect of just such a passage before me and have conceived a very novel idea of amusing myself, nobody else, mind, by writing my life. Yes, me, a commonplace individual, aged twenty-seven years and in whose career nothing eventful ever occurred. And the most of whose years have been passed on the sea -- very monotonous too.

I am going to write my biography from my earliest recollection for my own amusement and perhaps my wife's. And before I go any further, I will say: Should any one open this book uninvited, and read to here (not seeing or heeding the word "private" which I am going to write on the outside of each cover) that they will just shut up the book and not be prying into that they have no business to. As I am going to write all sorts that come into my head and have no wish to be laughed at for doing so without I first give the laughter permission to indulge their curiosity. During the first few years of seafaring life, I kept a journal daily which grew to be several books, when an unlucky accident deprived me of the whole since which time I have lost all taste for journalizing. Now I am going to make an effort to revive it. It is well enough to say in conclusion that I am now at the port of Hong Kong and that it is the 13th of March, 1864 and that my name is and always was Pilgarlic, Adonis Johnson Aloyisis Diomede or Ajax.

To begin with, I was born in the small village of Colchester, Connecticut, U.S., in the year 1837. My mother was a native of that place and was a lady of very delicate health. Consumption being a hereditary disease of her family of which not only herself but her mother and two sisters have since died. My father was at that time Captain of a vessel traveling to and from different ports of the United States and Mexico. Of him I remember but very little, until I was six years old or more than that, when I was very young and memory first began to dawn. He came two or three times to visit me at my Grandmother's in Colchester, where I lived after my Mother's death which occurred when I was but a year old and that about the first thing I can remember is a willow wagon he brought me and which seemed to me, possession enough to satisfy anyone. My grandmother was a leading member of the Baptist Church and brought up or tried to bring up her numerous family in the light of religion. I think that my bump for mischief must have been developed very early as I remember many scoldings and whippings she gave me and have no doubt I deserved many more than I got, as children do not generally get whippings enough from grandparents, and I believe I was a little worse than the general run of young ones. When I was between five and six years old my kind, old grandmother called me one day and told me that I had a new mother and that I was going to live with her and my father. I believe I was pleased with the prospect of a change of scene and position. My next recollections are of a journey in a stagecoach to New London, a trip over the ferry in the old horse boat which delighted me more than all, then another stage ride, and I was landed in company with grandmother, at my grandfather's house in Mystic. My first impressions of him have never altered. I liked him at once and his pleasant ways and the notice he took of me soon made me like him better than anyone I had yet seen.

My first impressions of my father and step-mother at this time, were those of fear. He was an austere, melancholy man, who addressed me at this time, I think, much as he would a man of his own age. My mother was a large and rather handsome woman whose ruling idea seemed to be work and neatness and who, though, possessed of an excellent heart and fine feelings, very seldom made any apparent show of them. She treated me kindly and like a son up to the last, and I consider her to have been one of the truest friends I ever had, and she will always fill a mother's place in my memory. They lived at that time on "Dodge's Island" and I was soon thoroughly at home on the rocky beach, picking up shells and watching the waves wash and wash the rocky beach, and the white sails of distant vessels going thru the sound. My father fished and set lobster pots for Mystic market and farmed the island consisting of about twelve acres besides, so I soon got used to going in a boat and liked it too and I think it must have been as early as this that I first formed an idea of becoming a sailor. At any rate, it was the first and the last plan I ever formed of getting a living. To save words, about a season of my boyhood which does not interest me much, and I shall keep in mind that I am not writing to interest any other person, I shall only say that we lived two years on "Dodge's" Island and then my father moved to the farm which has since been his home and which we call by the pet name of Poplar Grove. This farm is situated about two miles in a N.W. direction from the famous village of Mystic. It lies mostly on level ground and consists of about one hundred acres of land about thirty-five under cultivation and the rest pretty evenly divided between woodland and pasturage. The land is rather better than the average of Groton farms, but still very far from being as good as to yield a first rate crop. The farmhouse is still in a good state of repair. It is large, on the ground divided off in the

old orthodox New England fashion, one story high with a large basement furnished off, besides a roomy chamber in the upper part. Its situation (to me) is most delightful. Surrounded by fruit trees, and partly covered by a huge Isabella grapevine whose tempting fruit have often made me risk breaking my neck, besides getting a whipping. If I could sketch, I would treat myself to a view of that dear old home, on paper. But it is not at all necessary, for while memory lasts, every part of it will remain engraven there, fresh as years ago. I can see it now, I think. Its faded white outside almost crying for paint, its immense red chimney that occupies half the house, the offset flower beds and favorite apple trees. My father's stern and ever thoughtful face as he plied his daily task. My stepmother, whom imagination cannot portray any other way than hard at work, for she was never idle, and apparently never tired of making others comfortable and contriving something new to tempt our appetites or employ our hands. Well, many happy, happy days have I passed there, both as boy and man. My visits home there will always be white spots on my life and never can I look at Poplar Grove without experiencing mingled emotions of sorrow and happiness. Sorrow that the good times and happy scenes of early youth will be repeated no more and that one of the participants of them is now passed to another sphere. Happiness when I think of the many happy days I have spent there in my childhood and during the short visits home between my voyages at sea. The old farm has been rented out for a number of years, and things begin to show old age pretty plainly now. And I hope it will be my destiny to bring it back some day to its original beauty and fertility. Father moved there when I was seven years old and remained steadily on it till I was thirteen, when he broke up and left for California. I passed my time when well enough, mostly at school. To Mystic in summer, on account of its being a better school and in winter to the district school of Fishtown, distant about a mile from our house. This was an entirely aboriginal establishment. A hundred years it had withstood the storms of winter and its venerable walls were carved with hundreds of initials of all ages, many of which have since been written in prominent places by their owners in after years, but more have been again carved in marble by other hands. And masters and pupils have passed away from time to time to make room for others whose names are fresher and of more recent date.

Our district could only afford to hire a male teacher half the year and he was usually some young farmer who could dig potatoes perhaps better than he could teach school. Generally some of the Lamb family who earned \$10.00 a month in summer, farming and \$15.00 in winter, for using up birch and currant bushes on the backs of us youngsters and learning us the ground rules of Arithmetic, Geography and Writing. I have always thought that our system of school teachers might be improved materially by committees being a little more particular in regard to the general moral and intellectual character of those in whose hands they placed the dawning minds of their children.

For five winters I attended Fishtown school and went through the same course of studies every winter perhaps going through the Arithmetic more times the last winter than the first which was about the only progress I made in that seminary. Summers, however, I went to the Potter's School in Mystic, where I had every advantage possible and my progress was probably as rapid as that of any of my school mates. Mr. P---- is still at his desk in Mystic and is highly respected by all who have been brought up under his tuition and is to this day, I consider, a fair specimen of first rate school teacher. At the end of the fifth year of our residence at Poplar Grove, my father bought a share in a schooner fitting for California and after letting the farm and breaking up housekeeping, he embarked for the Golden land. Leaving me at grandfather's in the village of Mystic, where I remained for a year, going to school and tending the garden, cutting up wood, and doing

The first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the car was the heat. It was a sticky, oppressive heat that seemed to wrap around me like a heavy blanket. I had heard that the weather in this part of the country was terrible, but I didn't realize it would be so intense. The sun was beating down on my face, and I could feel my skin starting to sweat. I took a deep breath, trying to ignore the discomfort, and looked around. The landscape was flat and desolate, with a few scattered trees and a small town in the distance. I felt a sense of isolation, as if I was the only person in the world. I walked towards the town, my feet sinking into the hot, dry ground. The air was thick with dust, and I could see my breath in front of me. I felt a sense of longing, as if I was searching for something I couldn't quite identify. The town was small and unimpressive, with a few shops and a church. I found a small cafe and sat down, trying to catch my breath. The owner of the cafe was an elderly woman with a kind smile. She offered me a glass of water and a slice of lemon. I thanked her and took a sip. The water was cold and refreshing, and I felt a little better. I looked out the window and saw a car driving towards me. It was a small, old car, and I recognized it as the car that had brought me here. I felt a sense of relief, as if I was finally home. I got up and walked towards the car. The driver was a man with a friendly smile. He offered me a ride to his house. I thanked him and got into the car. The car was old and uncomfortable, but it was a relief to have a roof over my head. I sat in the car, looking out the window at the landscape. I felt a sense of peace, as if I was finally at home. I closed my eyes and tried to relax. The car started moving, and I felt a sense of motion. I was finally on my way home.

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mischievous, and now I have made a very poor hand indeed of describing my earliest boyhood. I remember everything very well that happened, but somehow the words won't flow, and I am pretty confident that if any of the "unlicensed" should open this book to read, they would throw it down with disgust, long before they reach this.

But I am now coming to a part of my adventures that it will not be so tiresome to describe, as this has that I have just gone through with.

In the summer of 1851, my one idea had expanded to such a degree that it became necessary for me to start in my career as seaman. Accordingly with my grandfather's consent and my father's too, who returned about this time from California, I signed articles in the ship "Romulus" in the capacity of "Boy", to go in any department they like to place me. I became in a few days a big gun among my playmates. Wore a flaming red flannel shirt and Scotch cap in July, tied my trousers up with a tarry rope yarn and actually rigged myself in the above manner one Sunday for church, where, no doubt, I should have made a decided impression, but the authority of my father, caused me to doff my sailor rig and don once more my bright buttoned jacket which had become an object of immense disgust to me long ago, and the three weeks that elapsed from the time I shipped, til I went away, seemed like ages. I have since got bravely over my hurry to leave home when I get there, and of late years the few precious days I have enjoyed there, have flown with lightning rapidity.

But to return on the 16th day of August, 1851, the weather auspicious, the ship ready in Ram Island Channel, with her crew on board, and all the officers and Captain ready to embark, and after bidding adieu to all the family with high spirits and happy heart, though I did feel a kind of choking as I went over the bridge to embark for the ship in Uncle Henry's boat, but I would not own it. My traps were already on board and I had no baggage except a yellow cat in a pillow case, which was a parting gift from my mother. I was the last one in the boat, and when I jumped in, they shoved off and nobody took any apparent notice of or interest in me. They had been to sea before and now I know how they felt at the commencement of a three year's voyage.

In due time, however, we reached the ship and immediately when the Captain struck the deck, orders were given to man the windlass and get underway, and in a short time we were in motion. All the recollections I retain of that memorable day are in a confused state. I have an idea that there was a great noise and much swearing done at the crew of green hands and the orders, "Hard-a-lee" and "Mainsail haul" were issued many times as we beat out through the Race. I know that when the mate told the steward to give the men a bite to eat (not a regular dinner) that that functionary put some biscuit in a bucket and passed it round to the mariners with "Have a biscuit, Sir!" to each one. He found out different after a while. I also remember being run over by the second mate, who damned me for being in his way, and that on the strength of that, I made up my mind that there were enough around decks without me, and immediately descended to regions below to eat half a cake, which I had been given on condition I would not touch it till we were a month out.

About 4 P.M. we were pretty well down towards Montauk and they let the mainyard come aback and put out the pilot and then as the smack filled away from us and stood for home, and we filled away seawards, I felt that I was indeed adrift from home and that it was no use, I could not go back if I wanted to. I missed home then, I missed my dinner, missed every familiar face and likely enough I should have cried with homesickness when the mate, catching sight of me, sung out, "Come Boy, show yourself!" I found all

hands mustered on the lee side of the Quarterdeck and the Captain was making them a speech. They were a rather scaly looking crowd, some of them already seasick and heaving "Jonah" through the mainrigging, and nearly all looked as I felt, as if, had they been ashore just then, salt water would not have tempted them again. The Captain used very expressive language to them. He supposed they all knew where they were going. If they did not he could tell them....."It is OIL", said he "that we are after, and OIL I am going to have, by G-d!" He exhorted them to obedience in like strong terms. If they behaved well, they should have any amount of fine times and lots of grub, but if refractory, they would better be in a warm climate, than on board the "Romulus". After the Captain had talked himself out, the boatcrews were chosen, the Captain choosing the first man for a bow oarsman, then the mate, and so on. Each boat contains an officer or boat header who steers the boat with a long oar which extends from the stern. A "boatsteerer" who pulls the forward oar and is called up when near the whale to fasten with the harpoon and who has at all times a supervisory care over the boat and is held responsible for the general good order of the boat and its fixtures. Then four oarsmen chosen from the crew. The boat's crews were accordingly so chosen, and the watches divided, the mate picking the larboard, and the second mate the starboard watches. I found that I had not been chosen in any boat or watch -- too small looking I supposed and soon after I was given to understand that my business was to be steward to the steerage or Steerage Boy. Let me describe the steerage of the "Romulus".

It was at best only a temporary fixture formed by a bulkhead running nearly across the ship, about seven feet from that of the cabin. It contained four berths (two lengths) thwartships, and two berths fore and aft on one side of the ship. Upon the other side, was a sail room, which stole about one third from the already contracted hole we were to live in. Against this sail room bulkhead, fore and aft, was our table, made of pine boards and hung on hinges that it might not occupy the scanty room, when not in use. The approach to this elegant apartment was down a ladder in the mizzen hatch, and then through an opening in the bulkhead. There was also a pantry, which being under my own particular care, I must not forget. It was nailed up in a corner over the table by the considerate carpenter, thus saving me many steps between the two at meal times, owing to the variety of dishes we possessed. The pantry itself was not large, about one and one half feet each way. Large enough, though, for my crockery, which the steward gave me to set off my table. It consisted of six tin plates, six mugs, as many knives, eight forks and three or four tin pans of different sizes for serving up. To keep these clean and set them on the table three times a day, to trim the large tin lamp and scrub the floor of the steerage, was my arduous duty. There was no light in the room except the lamp, which was burning night and day - but I became gradually accustomed to this style of living and before the voyage was ended, I really fancied the steerage a luxurious abode. But to return to the day in question.

After all these preliminaries were gone through and one watch went below, it was nearly dark on deck and the shores of Long Island were no longer visible. The old ship pitched and tumbled around in the heavy head sea, flinging the seasick mariners against the rail and on deck, most unmercifully, when I began to feel myself seasick. It seemed to me that I was standing still, and the ship, her decks and everything else, was trying to fly up and hit me in the face. I believe to this day that seasickness is about the most unpleasant feeling in this world. A person who is seasick, does not much care what you do with them. Throw them overboard if you like, hang them head down and they don't care. If they could be suddenly transported to dry land from this state, I think few would try it again. I sought my berth, tumbled into it, and did not leave it for

ten days, except to cast up accounts with "Davy Jones". I have no doubt, that had I been put down in Mystic during that time, salt water would not have caught me any more. But it was not so to be, and in about that time, I began to eat and drink "tremendously" and soon became perfectly well. From that time, I have never been seasick, but I have never seen any boy have it as hard as I did to begin with.

Meantime, the "Romulus" had been progressing, the "internal policy" of her people had been regulated, and the ship's company already bore but little resemblance to the mob who left in her. The greenhorns had been learned to appreciate the Captain and officers, go on the lee side of the quarterdeck, and were daily gaining new ideas, and learning the duties of seamen. I then entered on my own duties, before described, and in which I was instructed by the cooper, a Dane by birth, who had been many voyages whaling, and knew all the ropes. He was a singular genius too. In stature he did not exceed five feet. His English was hardly intelligible, though he had been fourteen years in the "States", and he was one of the most active and energetic men I ever saw. He was also of a very speculative turn of mind. He had furnished himself with about four dozen pint bottles of New England rum, as he said, to give the men in seasickness. This rum he very speedily bartered off for new shirts, chests, and any other article he could get. Of course, doing it on the sly, as the act of giving sailors rum, was a grave offense against ship rules, and it required the greatest caution to conduct his traffic unobserved by the Captain or mate. Anyhow, the cooper got rid of all his rum, and brought aft half a dozen chests from the forecastle, which after laying around for many months, were painted and sold, perhaps to the former owners, for sums ranging from three to five dollars by this speculative Dane. For all this, however, the cooper had many good points in his character, and I shall always have kindly feelings for him.

From this last mentioned time, till we arrived at the Azores, I gradually gained in health and spirits - 'til I was much healthier than ever before. We were about a month going over. The monotony of the passage being varied only by unsuccessfully chasing blackfish, a kind of fish somewhat resembling small sperm whales. I was chosen to pull an oar in the Captain's boat, one of his men proving a failure. Fortunately, I succeeding in pleasing him and ever afterwards went in the boat. I found it hard work, but at times very exciting, and rather liked it. Our crew were gradually getting broke in and things looked quite cheerful. They were rather better, I think, than the average of crews, and did not have much fighting among themselves. The Captain's novel idea of punishment prevented that more than anything else, I think. When we were about two weeks out, an Irishman and a Portugese came aft with bloody noses and strong complaints. After giving them a sound lecturing, the Captain gave each a piece of ratlin stuff, tied their left wrists together and bade them "Go in!" This they did with a good will, making the dust fly at a tremendous rate. The Portugese, however, gained the victory and Paddy was compelled to beg for mercy. They were then liberated and sent forward. They did not fight anymore.

One morning I came up on deck and saw away in the South Eastern horizon, the faint blue outlines of what appeared to my inexperienced eye to be a small cloud. It was the islands of "Corvo" and "Flores". The most western of the Azores. We had a fine breeze and by noon was up to them, right between the two and were boarded by several boats filled with Portugese, who offered for sale various kinds of dainties, which were very acceptable to us after a month's passage. Apples, grapes, eggs, onions, fowls and small cheeses made of goat's milk were their principle stock in trade. Their boats were a curiosity to me, who had never seen

anything but the symetrical sailboats of our own river. The men themselves were still more so. Bare legged they were, and bare headed too, wild and cadaverous countenances and such an infernal clamor as they kept up, I never heard before or since either, I think. They appeared very eager to sell and everybody who had the means was as eager to buy, and in a very short time, every man on board was stuffing themselves. For my own part, I don't think I ever tasted anything with more relish than I did those apples and grapes at "Corvo".

We lay off and on at these Islands two days, during which the Captain went ashore, and purchased a great many potatoes and onions and other fresh stuff for sea use and your humble servant also laid in a sea stock of apples and "Jackass cheese" which sea stock lasted, I think, about a week. The appearance of these two Islands is not of the most luxuriant in vegetation, high and bare hills, with only verdure in the valleys and near the shore, but not withstanding, I was told that they supplied nearly all the outward whalemens with vegetables, besides contributing a great many men to fill their crews. The whole of the Azores are miserably and tyrannically governed and the ignorant inhabitants are completely under the influence of the Catholic priest.

Leaving these islands, we steered for the Eastern portion of the Group, and were two days reaching "St. George." This Island viewed from the distance is beautiful. It is mostly a high level tableland completely covered with vineyards and fruit trees and when to leeward of it, the air is rich for miles with the odor of geraniums, which grow wild here. The principal cause of our visiting this was to give one of the boatsteerers who was a native of St. George, a chance to visit his parents. He carried with him a little bag of his hard earnings for his old parents, besides clothes and other necessaries. The boat hardly touched the beach, before he was recognized by his friends, and such a time as they made over him. Great, dirty, grizzly men, with their arms around his neck, kissing, and embracing with as much fervor as did the sunbrowned girls, who he said were his cousins. It is just to "Antone" to say that he returned his cousin's greetings more fervently than he did his uncles.

These people possess industrious and economical habits, and frequently save up a few thousand dollars whaling, and then return to their native Island and set up for gentlemen. They are also generally good men on ship-board, active, and orderly, and usually make good fishermen (whale). Otherwise than that, St. George's is larger and more fertile than "Corvo", there is no difference between them, either in the inhabitants or productions. Our boat returned to the ship at night, bringing some more of the delicious grapes, and another recruit (we had already shipped two at "Corvo") and we hoisted her up and filled away on our cruise to take a long farewell of land. Near to, and in sight of "St. George" lie the Islands of "Fayal", containing the only port of the Azores, and "Pico", celebrated for the peak which rises from its centre to a height of many thousand feet, and which can be seen on a clear day, a hundred and fifty miles.

The next morning we were out of sight of all land, and in company with one ship, likewise a whaler. At seven bells in the morning we were aroused by the cry of "BLOWS!", and the excitement was tremendous when it was ascertained to be a sperm whale. He was about two and a half miles off and directly between us and the other ship, and about an equal distance from each ship. Our four boats were now soon manned, and lowered in pursuit of the coveted prize, as were our rivals. In a short time the eight boats were all in a snarl waiting for him to come up, each one straining his eyes to get the first glimpse of him. He stayed down a good while, but he could not stay forever, their suspense must end -- so there was nothing but wait, and finally he did come up, close to our third mate's

boat, but also full as near to one of the other boats. Both crews sprang to their oars and put in their biggest strokes. But the genius of "Richmond" shone here, for with his green boat's crew, our third mate easily distanced his opponent and was therefore first in by two or three boat's lengths. As the two boats belonged to different ships, no particular caution as to noise had been observed during the race, and consequently the sea monster had taken the alarm and when our boat was within about forty feet of him, he threw his tail out of water preparatory to going down, out of reach of his enemies. The boatsteerer was standing up with his harpoon in hand and as the fish's tail went under, he succeeded in fastening to it, though at a long distance. And his success was evident by the line slowly running out of the boat. Had they slacked the line then, knowing they were not well fast, all might have been well. But the officer threw on a turn, and in a trice the line was slacked up. They hauled in their line and all the boats scattered around ready to waylay his "Whale-ship" when he again broke water, nor had they long to wait, for in less than ten minutes, he broke water, not a boat's length off one of the boats of the other ship. It only remains to say that they went on him, and in a quarter of an hour he was a dead whale, prize to ship "Sylph" of Fairhaven. Our unlucky crowd pulled on board, crestfallen enough to have lost such a prize. I heard afterwards that he made one hundred and thirty barrels of oil. All hands felt downhearted at their ill luck in their first whaling enterprise, and they growled over it by spells for more than a month.

For some weeks following this, nothing remarkable occurred to break the monotony of the voyage. We saw and chased blackfish a number of times, but did not get but one. It made us a barrel of oil. It was about fifteen feet long, and had a square head, and one spout hole, and otherwise very much resembled the sperm whale, of which, I think it must be a kind of small species. Our course at this time was off to the southward and westward towards the Coast of Brazil, going along easy under short sail most of the time, and keeping a constant lookout from aloft for sperm whales .. (indeed whalemens always have a man at each masthead in good weather). The officers were very anxious to have another chance for sperm before we went out of the Atlantic. Our complement on board now consisted of the Captain, three mates, four boat-steerers, a cooper, carpenter, cook, steward, and boy, and twenty-two men before the mast, thirty-five in all. Any merchant sailor who may read this, will think that on board of a ship of 365 tons, room could hardly be found for so many men, and work. Certainly not, but there were none too many for the business of whaling ... and as to work, after everything belonging to the taking care of oil, was fitted and ready for use, the work was of course light for fourteen men in a watch. Sail was taken in and set and the ship tucked and wore, always without disturbing the watch. But let whales be raised, and orders given to man the boats and a scene of hurry and excitement ensues which cannot be easily imagined by anyone who has not been there.

While the "Romulus" is going along here and the lookouts are straining their eyes in vain, I will write a few words about the Captain and officers under whom I was placed. Captain Baker was an old and experienced ship-master. I say old, though he was only of middle age, but had been master a long time. He had also been very fortunate in his business, never making anything but good voyages and always quick ones. He also enjoyed the reputation of being a kind and just man to sail under, and he fully sustained it. While I was with him, he was a strict disciplinarian and few ships had better order and less quarreling on board than the "Romulus". He was the most regular man in his habits I ever saw, having a particular time to go to bed, and a time to get up, and in short, to do everything in, besides being the only seafaring man I ever saw who did not use tobacco or any kind of strong drinks. But the most admirable quality he had was seeing,

nothing could escape his eye on the ship or around him, and while walking the quarter deck, apparently looking directly at the deck, he would take notice of any delinquency that occurred forward, and frequently see whales three miles off, before the lookouts at the masthead. In conclusion, I can say that no man I have sailed with yet, is more respected all through by me, than Captain L. Baker.

The chief mate's name was Gatchell. He was about thirty years old, married, and it was his first voyage as mate. He was a very capable man on board ship, well liked by the men and the best whaleman I ever saw. In fact, he got three fourths of all the whales we took. One great advantage to him in whaling was his perfect coolness. He seemed to have no nerves at all, and his manner when laying a boat over a whale's flukes, was the same as it was when giving orders on the ship's deck. He never spoke a cross word to me on voyage and I liked him better than any of the officers. His relations with Captain Baker were also undisturbed by any of those differences, which, when they occur on board a whaleman, frequently have a decidedly bad influence on the voyage. I am sorry to say, that since that voyage, he has not risen any higher than mate, owing to the habit of drinking, which he has formed, and now he is still mate after twenty years going to sea. For no other reason than that, he will give way to that vile habit which has blasted and ruined the prospects of so many promising and energetic young men.

The second mate was a particular friend of mine, as I had my berth in his state room. His name was Colver, brother to Deacon Colver of Centre Groton. He was a stern, austere man, very rigid among his men and frequently punishing them for very trifling offenses. His habits and morals were irreproachable, but he was not much of a whaleman. Too nervous and apt to get greatly excited when near a whale. I believe he never went whaling anymore, but has since become wealthy by stevedoring in San Francisco. Mr. Colver is still a bachelor. The third mate was a native of a place called Noank, well known where I live. He was a young man and was a very good sort of fellow, had no very bad qualities, and many good ones. His name is Rathbun. He has since been master of vessels sealing, and is now an Ensign in the United States Navy.

Of the boatsteerers, two were natives of the Cape De Verde Islands, very black and good men for their business. Another was a white Portuguese, who belonged to St. Georges and has been mentioned before. The remaining one was an American and belonged to New London and was of a very respectable family. I am sorry to say that he was one of the laziest and least account fellows I ever saw, though he was first rate company and a good hearted fellow as ever lived. The carpenter was an old fellow who had worked in the shipyards at home a good while. A very hard drinker and a regular old growl. Most of the people around there remember "Uncle Josh". He and I agreed very well most of the time. That is all I am going to say about the men among whom I was placed. Later experience has shown me that as a whole they were rather better than the generality of afterguard who go to sea in the same ship.

I am unable in this "tale" to give the exact dates of occurrences on this voyage, as the journal which I then kept has since been lost by shipwreck and my memory is not good enough to supply the deficiency. During the passage from the Azores down towards the South Atlantic, I was instructed by Captain Baker in the mysteries of the quadrant, and working day's works, chronometer time, and lunar observations, which to this day is about the extent of my knowledge of navigation. I never having studied like nearly every seaman in the county, with Nathan Daboll Esq. I have indeed made many visits to the near neighborhood of the Squire, but I was engaged in

a far more delightful study than that of logarithms and trigonometry. I must leave such pleasant reminiscences and go back on board the "Romulus".

We had reached the latitude of 17° South and had about given up seeing anything more of sperm whales, when one forenoon at about 10 o'clock, the cry of **BLOWS** was again heard from the masthead. The blower was soon discovered to be a regular sperm ... "all alone and still as night". Our four boats were soon lowered and in hot pursuit. I pulled my usual oar, the after one in the Captain's boat. We pulled out to where the whale went down and laid on our oars, all anxious for his coming up. The other boats being near us also "hove up". Nor had we long to wait, and when he came up it was nearest to our boat.

The Captain was in a state of great excitement and as we bent to our oars, he employed all his eloquence to incite the crew to still greater efforts. In a very short time, we were in a whirl of eddies and the boatsteerer was called up. When the order was given to "back" or as they call it, "Stern", I ventured to look over my shoulder at this time and just saw the harpoons, one after the other, darted into the black monster as he rounded out to descend. A moment after, and the line was going like lightning out of our boat and a wreath of fire encircled the timberhead over which the bight of the line was thrown. As the mate's boat was close to us and he showed no signs of stopping, the Captain desired him to throw the end of his line, that we could bend our nearly exhausted line on to it. This he succeeded in doing, and we had just time to make the connection and clear it from the chocks, when the last turn in the tub disappeared as rapidly as the first and the excitement immediately changed from ours to the mate's boat. Fortunately, he stopped before he had run away with all the mate's line, and pretty soon appeared on top of the water.

As our boat was loose and we had no line, we could do but little more than watch the maneuvers and see the rest of them perform. The mate began immediately to haul in line, which was no small job, considering that he had out all of ours and most of his own. The second and third mates pulled as fast as possible for the whale which was going along on top of the water pretty fast, no doubt much astonished at the impediment to his locomotion in the shape of the line and boat. The waist boat was soon alongside of him and as the boatsteerer fastened to him with two harpoons, the animal's huge tail, which was twitching around in all directions, suddenly struck the side of the boat a glancing blow, breaking in the gunwale and causing her to nearly fill with water. Nor was this all, for the second mate received a violent blow on the head, which stunned him and knocked him overboard. Their first and only alternative in this case was to cut off, and pick up their officer, (who fortunately was not seriously injured) which they did. Their next, to pull for the ship which they succeeded in reaching and hoisting up their broken boat. Thus, our force was reduced to two boats and the chances were just then not much in our favor. Luckily, however, the third mate succeeded in getting the whale fast, and the mate having got two or three good lances at him, soon finished his career, and by sunset we had him secured by a chain around his tail alongside the ship. Nearly all sail was then taken in and the night was employed by the watching in reeving off the cutting falls and getting all ready for the morrow.

The next morning therefore at daylight, all hands were called, and we went to work "cutting in" our first fish. This operation is to be performed with great care, and everything connected with the tackles must be of undoubted strength. The falls are of the finest manilla rope four strands and about $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches in size. The purchase is four fold, going from

the mainmast head with very heavy pendants. There are two tackles, one relieving the other in the manner I shall describe. The guys are double of 5 inch rope and go from the foretop. The falls of the tackles go from the upper blocks direct to the windlass. The lower blocks of each tackle are double, of great strength and have a long strap with a large thimble in the end for receiving either a toggle of oakwood or having a hook weighing about 100 pounds shackled on to them.

The cutting on the whale is done from stages hung from the side of the ship and by means of a steel spade which is made very light and kept sharp. These are fitted with a socket to a handle of light wood fifteen or twenty feet long. They commence cutting where the head joins the body, and cut round and round the animal's body in a spiral direction, thus making the whole of the blubber from one long piece, as it were, beginning at the fin and going straight around him 'til it reaches the tail. The first operation of cutting in however is to get in the various parts of the head which are cut off as best they can be, with holes cut in them and the immense hook pointed in by a man, who goes over on the whale for the purpose. When these are all hoisted in, the tackle is hooked on to one fin and then they heave that right up two blocks and when it can be hove no higher, a hole is cut in the piece just above the plankshear, and the strap of the other tackle put through and toggled. It is then hove taut, and the piece cut off above and lowered down into the between decks. Then again they heave up, rolling the whale over as the blubber comes off each tackle, relieving the other, 'til all is in. After the blubber is all off, the carcass, which is of no use to the whaleman, is cast adrift and is usually surrounded by sharks and covered with great numbers of aquatic birds.

Now let us suppose that our whale is "cut-in". The next thing is to boil out the oil. The tryworks consists of two large pots, each holding about four barrels of oil, built into brickwork and underneath which are the furnaces for the fires, which are fed with the scraps of blubber. After the oil is boiled out and a hotter fire than these make cannot probably be found the tryworks are built just aft of the foremast and cover a part of the deck about twelve feet square. On the starboard side of them is a copper tank to bail the hot oil in which holds about twelve barrels ... from this, it is usually bailed into the casks. On the port side of the "works", is a wooden bin called a hopper, for receiving the scraps as they are skimmed out from the hot oil. In boiling out, every man has a particular job or part to carry on. Usually two men go in the blubber room (under the main hatch) and prepare the blubber for mincing by cutting off the lean and then making pieces of it about a foot and a half long and six inches wide. These are hauled up on deck with a pike and carried forward to some large tubs near the tryworks, where they are sliced up fine by means of a knife with a handle at each end, or more recently by a machine which goes with a crank and renders this laborious operation comparatively easy. This is mincing, and the blubber is then ready for putting in the pots. When the blubber is fat and ripe, twenty barrels can be tryed out in six hours. It took us, I believe, two days and a half to boil out our whale. We made about seventy barrels of oil, which was worth about \$3000. at that time. After the oil has stood on deck time enough to get sufficiently cool, it is stowed down. Whalers have the bottom tier of casks stowed at home and they are not broken out during the voyage. They are filled with salt water on leaving home and this is pumped off as they fill them up with oil. The oil is run from the upper deck through a long hose to any part of the hold and all the casks are stowed empty and filled in this manner. While stowing down, all hands are employed. The mate taking charge in the hold and the second mate of the deck, each cask which is sent down being inspected by the cooper who is at this time a very responsible man. I have now said all I intend to about the manner of taking whales and taking care of the oil and shall not, I

think, broach the subject again, for I do not think I shall go whaling anymore and therefore it is no use to review or keep these things in memory. To anyone else who may read this, I would say, if you have been whaling you will be able to see how near right I am in my descriptions and if you have not been, you will have to go to find out if things are different from my description.

After stowing down our oil, the ship was scrubbed clean, inside and out and things again assumed their regular routine. Sometime in the month of October, 1851, we passed in sight of the island of Tristan da Cunha. It was blowing fresh from the westward at the time ... near night, and we did not stop. This island is somewhat celebrated as having been the residence of "Governor Glass". I think he is dead now, died since we passed there. He with his wife and family were the only inhabitants. They were mulattoes. They raised up a very large family of sons and daughters and cultivated a considerable part of the island, furnishing fresh supplies to ships in the habit of calling there, and receiving in return clothing and other necessities of life, and living in a decent and even religious manner. Much has been said by passersby about the hospitality and originality of the "Governor", who seemed withal to feel his dignity as much as though he was Governor of a much richer province. The position of this island is 37⁰.05 South and longitude 11⁰.48 west.

Shortly after passing this place, I met with an accident which came very near bringing my career to a sudden close. It occurred as follows; one day a violent squall came up and all the sails were slewed up as soon as possible and after the fury of the wind was expended and while still blowing pretty heavy, and raining tremendously, orders were given to furl the topgallantsails, all three of which were hanging in the gear. Now although I stood no watch and was never called upon to do anything on deck, I still took more interest in pulling ropes and furling and loosing light sails than I did in washing my dishes or cleaning lamps and was nearly always around decks in the daytime when there was anything to do. So I jumped into the main rigging and was on the maintopgallant yard in no time, followed by a boatsteerer and two sailors. I laid out on the weather yardarm and as the sail just then slapped in, I got both arms around it and a moment after as I loosed my hold to get a better one, the sail bellied up and away. I went off the yard. I felt myself falling head first down alongside the royal backstays, and the next thing I knew I struck on top of one of the boats over the quarter deck ... on my feet, with a considerable of a contusion on the head, which bled profusely. This was all. Otherwise I was entirely uninjured. I must have been turned over by the crane lines. It was one of those miraculous preservations which occur sometimes and in which the hand of Providence is strikingly manifest. I am not over fond of telling this story as it is not one likely to be believed by strangers, but still I have heard of several quite as narrow escapes in falling from aloft. In the excitement of the moment I took the rigging again and started aloft and was over the maintop when Captain Baker called me down. He was very much agitated when I got on deck and told me that I never could be thankful enough to God for saving my life, but I am afraid my future conduct has not shown much gratitude. But I learned to hold on better aloft while furling a sail.

The "Romulus" passed the Cape of Good Hope (off which cape I am now writing these reminiscences) about the latter part of November 1851, bound to the Pacific Ocean and did not stop to cruise and saw nothing till we reached the island of "St Pauls" latitude 37.52 south, longitude 77.52 east. This island is celebrated for its abundance of most delicious fish. We arrived off it in the forenoon and three boats furnished with nets and lines were sent in. They returned at dark loaded with fish which certainly

excelled in flavor any I have seen since, besides having fresh fish fore and aft as long as they would keep, we salted down five or six barrels for future use. The appearance of the land is barren. I believe there are no regular inhabitants or any animals living here and aquatic birds reign supreme. The mate landed in a land-locked harbour basin shaped in the middle of which he sounded out 100 fathoms of line without finding bottom. On landing he found a party of Frenchmen who were fishing and drying their fish. They belonged to "Mauritivous" and at certain times a vessel brought them supplies and took away their fish. Near the place where the boat landed was a boiling spring in which the Frenchmen boiled fish and eggs, which are found plentiful. This spring and the bottomless harbour lead me to suppose that "St. Paul's" is an island of volcanic origin. About a week after leaving this island we raised the first right whales, lowered and succeeded in getting one. He made us fifty-five barrels of oil and about 800 pounds of bone. Soon after this, we spoke a ship belonging to New London and "gammed" with her. As "gamming" is an institution peculiar to whalers, it may not be amiss to explain it. When a whaler sees another ship in the same business at sea to leeward, he almost invariably keeps off and runs down for him and the fellow to leeward immediately hauls aback to wait for him. So he passes close by the stern, the Captain's exchange civilities, inquire what success, etc., and invite one or the other on board and then rounding to aback to leeward, the Captain's boat is called away and he goes on board to spend the day accompanied by his boat's crew. It is customary for the visiting Captain to be introduced to the chief mate when he comes on board, and visit his mate. The mate then calls his own crew and goes on board the other ship and spends the day. The daily work is suspended on board both ships and all hands tend directly to their "gamming". The Captains talk of old times, whale grounds, etc. The mates brag about their whaling, their ships and boats. The sailors discuss the relative merits of their ships, the old man, the officers, and the grub. Beg books, tobacco, and even patches for old clothes. These interchanges of civilities are useful and edifying to the isolated whaleman and serve to break the monotony which is tiresome indeed on a voyage where you may not be in port once a year perhaps. Very few whaleships when not whaling or cutting in, miss an opportunity of Gamming.

While off the south coast of Australia, we came one morning into a large school of sperm whales. I have no doubt there were hundreds all around us. Bad luck, or rather bad management attended us that day. All three of the officers went on to whales, the mate alongside of three different ones and the boatsteerers failed to fasten to them. The whole day was thus used up and at night they came on board empty handed as they went. All hands were much disappointed in the result of the day's work and much indignation felt and manifested against the careless boatsteerers and the Captain talked of turning the mate's boatsteerer forward. After this, we experienced heavy gales from the westward and flew along before them under easy sail and a very comfortable and safe ship in a gale of wind, was the "Romulus", so that nobody minded a little bad weather much. We saw the southern end of "Van Diemens Land" and early in February made the land of Chatham Island where it was our purpose to anchor to get water and fresh supplies for our next six months cruise. This quite an extensive island, laying in lat. East and Lat. South. The shape of it resembles a horse shoe open on the S.W. side and thus forming a very extensive bay, around the coast of which are numerous little basin shaped havens where two or three ships may ride at anchor in perfect safety. After sending a boat into one of these coves to sound the entrance which the officer in charge reported clear and safe, we stood boldly in under our topsails and when passing through the narrow entrance we reached the middle of the cove, our topsails were clewed up and down went the anchor for the first time in

six months. Here was a change from rolling about and eating salt junk. Hogs were very plentiful here, running wild in droves and easily killed, consequently our people were fed mostly on fresh pork, fish too, being abundant. Our stay here occupied about three weeks, during which we filled water and took in about three hundred bushels of potatoes, which I think were the best I ever saw. They were cheap too, bought entirely with tobacco, one small plug buying from 1/3 to 1/2 a bushel. The crew were also allowed liberty on shore two days to each watch. Near where the ship anchored, lived an old Englishman named "Leland" who had for twenty-five years resided there. It was said that he was once a gentleman in England and had been robbed of his wealth and his wife together by his partner in business. So in his misanthropy he had tried to place as many miles as possible between himself and civilization. He acted as interpreter and agent for the Captain in buying our supplies. The natives here are the same race as the New Zealanders, called "Mouries". The men are large and well formed and very intelligent as far as opportunity has presented for them to learn. The women are like all those of the Pacific Islands, small, dark and well formed. These people or most of them have been converted to Christianity within the last twenty years and have portions of scripture printed in their own language among them. They raise some very good wheat here and nearly all the vegetables peculiar to the climate. Wood is very scarce all over the Island and for fuel the inhabitants use turf or peat. The principal village being situated on the opposite side of the Island from where we laid, I started in company with three of the men to visit it on my liberty day ashore, it being but eight miles across the Island at this point. We had a good footpath across and in about two hours reached the opposite shore, about two miles below the village. This beach was nearly straight for about ten miles and was a very wide belt of the finest and whitest sand I ever saw. Not a rock or an indentation marred the perfect beauty of this beach and on this day in particular, the scene was sublime. A gale of wind blowing directly on -- and the breakers forming a mile from the land and rushing with thundering noise and resistless force far up on the beach, threatening to overwhelm everything in their way and then swiftly receding far below the watermark, to gather fresh impetus for another water avalanche. To do this scene justice is far beyond my power of description, but I can say that it was the most magnificent sea side I ever stood upon. The houses which form the village we visited are very well built of light frames covered with an excellent straw thatch. They are arranged in regular streets and present an appearance of neatness and order which you would hardly expect to find among natives who thirty years ago were no better than cannibals. We were received by one of the principal men of the place and hospitably entertained by him. He made his females give us a good dinner consisting of roast potatoes, pancakes made of crushed wheat very good too, milk, and cold roasted pork. After partaking of this repast, he conducted us to their newly erected church, followed by a large number of natives, all of whom seemed very proud of the structure and expected us to express our admiration for their handiwork. It was about as large as the third Baptist church at home, constructed like the other dwellings of framework thatched -- only it was also lined on the inside with fancy basket or plaiting work done with wheat straw dyed in many colors. It looked very neat and unique and doubtless it took a long time for them to do so much fancy work on the inside of the walls. There were no pews, only clean straw spread on the stone floor. The "Mowries" always sitting on the ground and chairs unknown. I saw many books printed in their language, laying on the floor among the straw and before we left one of the old men made a short prayer and then they all sang a hymn together, which was done very well, and in as orthodox fashion as Christians of four generations. A bell, which once belonged to a ship wrecked on this Island many years since, was suspended nearby on a frame, to call the people to church. All things considered I saw no reason why they were not as good

appearing church members as white people of greater pretensions. The men of mature age are tattooed very highly and some of the women, but of late the practice has been abandoned. On our return to the ship that day we saw several large droves of wild hogs, which are the only wild animals on the Island. In about three weeks our recruiting and watering was completed and we sailed away for a long journey, the whole length of the Pacific Ocean to the Polar Seas and in a few days took the S.E. Trades and had delightful, warm weather, which was duly appreciated after so long a spell in the high latitudes of the Southern Ocean.

A week out from Chatham Island we took a sperm whale which made twenty barrels and had hardly got him stowed down before we got another small one. These helped fill up and also revived our spirits after our former bad luck. Our next stop was at the beautiful tropical Island of "Roratonga" one of the Society group laying in about 18°00 South Latitude. We only lay off and on a couple of days and procured some firewood and boatloads of delicious fruit, consisting of oranges, pineapples, bananas, coconuts, limes, manna, apples and mangoes. Then I luxuriated, nothing but eat fruit from morning 'til night. This Island is a perfect jungle of luxuriance and vegetation and the odor of the fruit trees coming off the land is not the least of its beauties when you have been smelling bilge water and salt horse for six months. The inhabitants are Kanakas, very humorous and they are mostly Christians. Dress in European style and have a printing press on the Island and several missionaries residing among them. There is no harbour and the Island is surrounded by a coral reef which makes landing rather dangerous and boats are frequently capsized in the surf.

After leaving "Roratonga" our course laid to the northward. The weather was splendid and with plenty of fruit hanging all around on the stays and over the stern -- and very little work to do, things went very fine on board the "Romulus". Near the Line in this part of the Pacific are many very small low Islands, covered with coconut trees and surrounded by a coral reef which is usually growing slowly out of water, and most of them are inhabited by Kanakas who are in an entirely primitive state and subsist on spontaneous productions -- perhaps fishing a little and occasionally trading with a passing ship for a little tobacco, which seems to be the article above all others for which these people have the greatest craving. They wear no clothes whatever, seem to have no religious ideas, and their whole manner of life differs but little from animals. At one of these Islands we hauled aback one afternoon and in a very short time as many as twenty canoes were seen to put off for us from the Island -- only about five or six however reached the ship as it was near night and the Captain was a little doubtful about the friendliness of their dispositions. They offered for barter some green cocoanuts, chickens, sennet hats, and some large, finely wrought bed mats, which last excelled anything of the kind I ever saw. The price of any one article was a plug of tobacco, a cocoanut or a straw hat. Trade went on very brisk for an hour and then it was dark and orders were given to fill away. Some of the natives were so intent on trading that they were left behind by their canoes. When they found their mistake, they did not seem to mind it at all, but jumped into the sea, and struck out for the shore, hallooming for their comrades to pick them up. These men were athletic, finely shaped fellows and it seemed a pity that they should lead such a lazy, useless life as they do.

From the date of leaving "Hope Island" we saw no ships, no whales, and no land, 'til we arrived off "Behrings Island" off Kannchatka in Latitude of 53° North. This must have been early in May 1852. Quite a change from tropical lands was this -- very high and covered with snow and ice, not a sign of any living thing, vegetable or animal was there. The weather had grown gradually cooler until now we were clothed in our warmest apparel, and then the N.W. winds coming off the mountains of Siberia, chilled us through and made us shiver all the more as we thought of tropical sunshine

and sleeping on deck with no covering. But we got accustomed to it in a little while and all hands kept in good general health through the season. From Behring's Island we slowly made our way Northward along the coast, vainly expecting to see "Bowheads" every day and passing through open "Rifts" in immense fields of ice, sometimes going along all day in a narrow canal not 200 feet wide. The sea was perfectly smooth, and the weather delightfully sunshiny and clear. The ice was jumbled into all sorts of shapes and none of it was more than ten feet above water -- numerous seals were seen hauled up on it and once in a while (near the land) a polar bear. Several were captured or rather killed by different ship's companies while whaling among the ice. We now saw great numbers of ships, sometimes as many as sixty sail in sight, all on the same errand. From the time we first arrived on the ground 'til we began to see whales, gamming was carried on nearly every day. Sometimes five or six captains would be on board our ship together. I think it was the 20th of May that we saw our first "Bowhead" near a field of small ice. We struck him and he ran into the ice, taking the line with him. During the next ten days we struck as many or more than that number of whales and lost them in a similar manner and it was not 'til the 5th of June that we made a capture and the next day another, and so on, 'til we took five before the fires went out. These five whales made over 700 barrels of oil. These are what are described in natural history as the Greenland whale, nearly the same as common Right or Black whales, only much larger -- I rather think they are the largest living animal in the world. They differ from Right whales in having a greater mouth and head and consequently producing more bone proportionately, and they are also more easily killed than the former and are not near so dangerous to approach and very few accidents happen to polar whalers when the boats are managed in a prudent manner. The fleet around us were as busy as ourselves and all worked slowly up towards Behring's Straits and on the 4th of July we began to kill our second lot of whales -- six this time, making about 800 barrels of oil. We took the most of them in and near the Straits, the ice having by the middle of July entirely disappeared and the weather continuing fine and the sea smooth. During the first part of the summer, the days were very long, the sun setting only for three or four hours and the twilight not failing 'til daylight appeared. Along in July and August however, the sun going south, the nights naturally grow longer and vessels do not have so many hours to whale in. Sometimes in the first of the season we lowered down at 9 p.m. and got our whale killed by midnight, and began to cut in right off, all hands being up on one occasion for 56 hours, hard at work. They make up for it though, between seasons and in such an uncertain business as theirs it is of great importance to "make hay while the sun shines". In August we got five whales (in the Artic Ocean then) and in September three more and by the 20th of the latter month, the weather began to be very tempestuous and the whales too disappeared mostly. So, on the 23rd we scudded through Behring's Straits -- under a close reefed maintopsail, in a heavy gale of wind, before which the "Romulus" flew as fast as she could 'til she was in Lat. 48°00 before it moderated. Very few ships stay later than this and still fewer get anything after the middle of September. Our season had been comparatively successful, we had taken nineteen large whales, making us 2650 barrels of oil and 39,000 pounds of bone. I only heard of one ship that had taken more oil than ourselves, while the catch of the fleet ran as low in several cases as 300 barrels. Capt. Baker was called a lucky man and we almost took it as a matter of course to get more than others. But it is my belief that our success was owing in a great measure to the unflagging perserverance and energy with which Capt. Baker kept us all at work.

During our sojourn in the Polar seas, we were visited once by the natives near East Cape. About twenty of them came off in two canoes. They are of the Esquimaux Race, short in stature, small bones, light complexions and altogether the lowest down in the scale of humanity (according to my

estimate) of any aboriginals I have yet seen. They were clothed in half dressed seal skin garments, and covered with vermin, and carrying about them a most disgusting odor of rancid fat and green hides. They offered for sale a few walrus tusks, gray fox skins, etc., wanting in return tobacco and spirits. For these two articles they will sell everything they've got, apparently valuing tobacco even more highly than the Knanakas. They lead a miserable life, burrowing in the ground winters and subsisting on the carcasses of whales which drift ashore, tho they sometimes capture a whale themselves and the blubber of one large fish is sufficient for a long time. It must not be forgotten though to mention one excellent trait possessed by these poor creatures -- hospitality. During the same fall I have been writing about, the ship "Citizen" of Nantucket, ran ashore in a gale on the north side of the East Cape, six of the crew were drowned in getting ashore from her. The remainder of her company landing with nothing but the clothes they wore, were sheltered and fed by the natives in the best manner they were able, all winter and until the ships came up there in August again -- being over ten months and without their care no doubt all would have perished miserably. I am sorry to say that no adequate return was made them for their kindness.

To return to the "Romulus". After we got well clear of cold weather, bound to the Sandwich Islands, she was thoroughly cleaned inside and out and everything got ready for another long spell of idleness and going into port. In due time we arrived at Honolulu. This port is too well known for me to undertake a description of it, but I may say that it has one of the finest climates in the world and is a most beautiful place, that is, the Island of "Oahoo". The harbor is small, but perfectly safe in all seasons, being formed by an extensive coral reef. At that time there were over 250 ships, mostly whalers moored head and stern in this small harbour. It was almost literally full -- just room to pull around among them with a boat. We remained here over a month and a half, and during that time we discharged 1600 barrels of oil, hauling alongside of a merchant ship for that purpose, and all of our bone. This proceeding caused much dissatisfaction among the petty officers and crew, who complained that they had not agreed to fill the ship twice and wanted to go home. This was growled upon for a while and meantime the work went on and finally the subject died, only occasionally to revive. For my part, I was as badly disappointed as any of them in not going home, for I had begun to get heartily tired of whaling, but it was not much trouble at that time for me to make the best of what I couldn't help, and so I did not worry much over it. We had five days liberty here, each watch, and I enjoyed mine very much. Our ship was here painted, rigging overhauled and hold restored, water filled, etc., and everything got ready for a long cruise and on the 5th of January, 1853, we towed out of the harbor, bound on a cruise near the line. Some few of our crew had left us here and were replaced by others, but all the afterguard remained the same and things went on very smooth and comfortable as usual. But our cruising was entirely in vain, for no whales did we get and only saw one solitary "sperm". Him, I shall remember, for it was on the line and we lowered before breakfast and chased him 'til 5 p.m., pulling most of the time, the sun very hot, and all our water gone early in the day, and when he finally disappeared, we had to pull nine miles back on board. I think that was the nearest I ever came to suffering from hunger or thirst. With the exception of this solitary fish, we saw nothing whatever between seasons. We crossed the Equator in the Longitude of the Sandwich Islands and getting in the South East trades, made our way along to the Westward slowly until we reached one meridian of 170° East, where we again crossed the line and on the 19th of February, made the Island of "Ascension", latitude 7° 00' N. and about 160° East longitude, this was to be our next port. It is a large Island, high and in most parts covered with wood and thickly inhabited by a tall handsome tribe of Kanakas. The Island contains about 800 square miles, is mostly surrounded

by a coral reef, and contains two perfectly accessible harbours on the side at right angles with the direction of the trade wind. We were boarded when about ten miles from the land by a white man in a large double canoe, who claimed to be a pilot and who was engaged to take us in and act during our stay as interpreter. As it was late in the afternoon, we hauled off through the night and in the morning, with a light breeze blowing along the land, we steered in through a narrow opening of the reef for about a mile and then anchored in a small but perfectly safe harbour. Our pilot had taken all precautions about finding the way in, having sent in his canoe the night before and we found the passage through the reef lined on each side with canoes full of natives and I think their number could not have been less than 200 on both sides of the channel, so all we had to do was steer through between two rows of canoes. Our anchor down and sails furled, and in very short order the decks, cabin, steerage and forecabin was swarming with natives, men and women. Perfectly friendly and not as much given to theft as one would suppose. The men did not wear any clothing, only an apron of long, fine grass, dyed fancy colors, reaching from the hip to the knees. Their business seemed mostly begging or trading shells, etc., for tobacco. The women were mostly young, generally handsome and clean looking. They usually wore a "tapa" which is about a yard of cotton cloth wrapped around the loins and descending to the knees. Most of them wore a wreath formed of fragrant flowers, which were gathered fresh every morning to adorn these children of nature. Their manners were insinuating and not a word need be said of their morality. We had a good many on board of both sexes, all the time we laid there. They slept under the boats and around decks, eating up a great deal of bread for us. Our business here consisted of filling water and cutting wood, mostly. The casks were rafted and towed up a very narrow creek that had the trees locking together across it for four miles, where they were filled and again towed alongside. In this manner we took in about 600 barrels of water. The wood was cut by the natives to whom we furnished axes and boated off. Besides this we got about forty hogs of different sizes, as many cocoanuts as we wanted, to feed them on, a few bus. of yams of an inferior quality, a great many bananas, and some few other tropical fruits. Any quantity of shells were to be procured here for a very small equivalent in tobacco. Our crew had liberty here and one of them was killed by the natives in a drunken quarrel. A very singular curiosity of ancient and unknown architecture exists on this Island. It was visited by two of our boats during our stay at Ascension. Accompanied by a native for a guide, they pulled to the place designated by him, and there near the water found the ruins of a wall enclosing about two acres. The stones it was formed of were from one to three tons weight and were mostly cut eight square. Some portions of the wall were standing as high as twenty feet, but in most places there were but two or three stones high, the other laying in heaps around the outside. On the sea side was an entrance about fifty feet wide and stone steps going from it down about forty steps to the low water mark. The inside was also paved with square stones regularly laid. The ideas people have of the origin of these ruins are various. Some think it to have been a fortification, others a place of pagan worship. The present inhabitants have no traditions respecting it. The massiveness of the walls and stones and regularity of the style, give evidence of the work of a far more advanced race than the Kanakas who inhabit the Island now. Besides the stones are of a different kind than are found near there and the interpreter informed the captain that there was a lodge of the same kind of rock on the other side of the Island. This shows that they were transported thither -- to do which, much different means must have been employed than those possessed by the present race. The corners of the steps at the water's edge were worn off round by the action of the water and the lower part of the walls next the sea was washed and hollowed out in some places two feet into the solid stone. This is an undoubted evidence of the extreme antiquity of the work and makes these ruins one more link in the chain of indisputable

facts which speak of the former existence of many races of people who arose, flourished, and became extinct, so long ago that no traces except an occasional ruin like the above mentioned, are found and no traditions of them have been preserved. These are the only things of the kind I ever heard of in the Pacific Islands and they deserve a better description than I could give of them even if I had seen them recently, instead of twelve years ago. There has since that time been several missionaries residing at "Ascension" and doubtless some one has sent home full and interesting descriptions of this great monument of antiquity. I understood from the pilot that there were two separate tribes of natives on the Island, who are almost constantly at war. They make frequent raids into one another's territory, carrying off women and children and sometimes have a great battle in which many are killed on each side. They were very anxious to get muskets and powder, and we disposed of about fifty old flintlocks which I think pretty near paid the ship's expenses while laying here. They do not seem to know much about money (or did not at that time) as one of them sold a handful of English silver to the cooper for a few heads of tobacco. He seemed to have an idea that it was of some value to white people, but his estimate of it was not so good as it might have been or he would not have allowed our sagacious Dane to sell him half a pound of tobacco for five or six dollars worth of shillings and sixpences. For myself I bought all the shells I could afford and cleaned and scrubbed on them for two months afterwards and finally got about a bushel of very nice ones of different kinds safe home, where they were duly praised for a few days and then the most of them were put up in the garret behind the chimney in an old box, where their brilliancy has been lavished for years upon no one but a few industrious spiders and unappreciating wasps. Such is the usual fate of curiosities of this sort. Take my advice, wanderer, and if you want to carry home anything to your sisters and mothers, let it be in something to wear, or something to eat. For most folks (say what you like to the contrary, notwithstanding) prefer the useful to the ornamental. (Note: I begin to doubt this now). While we were anchored here two more ships came in, also to recruit. The "General Scott" of New London and the "Newton" of New Bedford. We all sailed on the same day. Vessels are obliged to use a kedge and spring to get underway here, as the harbour is narrow and the wind abeam going out. Our kedge was taken out and planted firmly among the coral rocks to windward, with a good line bent on and taken to the gangway. We made all sail hove up and the springline held her from going to leeward while her head paid off and the sails were braced full. The "Romulus" was dull and slow to gather way, but she finally did start ahead and when she had good steerage way on we slipped the line (a boat being at the buoy to get the anchor) and went safely out. Of this harbour it may be said that it is safe to lay in at any time and safe to go into and out of it you keep off the bottom or reefs.

It was on the 19th of February, 1853 that we sailed from this island bound Northward by easy stages to try another season in the Artic Seas. The next day after that we hauled aback off a large, low, and uninhabited island, covered with coconut and other trees. Two boats were sent in and they found no living thing but lizards and rats. The boats were soon loaded with cocoanuts of which shiploads were laying on the ground to a thickness covering it three or four feet, and in different stages of decay and decomposition. There are a great number of similar islands in these seas, many of which no doubt have never had the footstep of man upon them.

From "Ascension" we made our way to the "Ladrone" Group in Lat. 13 to 20 N. Longitude 145 East. They belong to the Spanish government, are beautiful, and finely situated Islands. Produce all kinds of fruits in great profusion, and no doubt are capable of producing hemp and tobacco

fully equal to the Phillippines. Their great natural advantages however are almost entirely wasted or neglected, and they are inhabited sparsely by a mongrel breed of Kanakas and Malays who subsist almost spontaneously and who as Catholics are lamentably ignorant and Priestridden. We fetched in with the S.E. trades at "Tinian" a fine large Island. The Captain went ashore in hopes of procuring some yams or other recruits for the cruise. He found only a few convicts here who under an overseer, were employed in making cocoanut oil for the benefit of the government. The land was apparently very fertile, level, well wooded, and no doubt well adapted for cultivation. He was unable to procure anything except cocoanuts, which we already had enough of, and one small bullock, which made us a food mess of fresh beef. At night we kept off and in the morning were close to "Rota" which is an Island similar to Tinian in its appearance and productions. It has however about 1000 inhabitants, a lazy, useless set of vagabonds, who cultivate nothing but a few sweet potatoes and yams. There was a Catholic priest living there who had charge apparently over everything. These people dress or pretend to, in European style, but presented so ragged and filthy appearance that I could not help thinking that the primitive costume of the Kanakas consisting only of the "Tapa" would become them better, on the principle that the less clothes the less rags and vermin. They manufacture a kind of intoxicating beverage of cocoanuts and add beastly intemperance to their other admirable qualities. When the Captain, having satisfied himself that nothing could be procured here, was ready to come off it was found that one of his boat's crew was missing -- a beach comber who had begged to be taken on board at "Ascension" and who was already tired of the ship. The boat came off without him. The Captain left word with the priest to have him captured, offering a reward for his apprehension.

"Guam" the principal island of the Ladrões is in sight from "Rota", forty miles to leeward. When the boat was hoisted up we squared away for "Guam" and were down there long before morning. It is the only island of the group that contains a harbor. The harbor of Guam is large, safe and easy of access, and is much frequented by whalers at certain seasons of the year. The town, which contains three or four thousand inhabitants is built according to the usual Spanish ideas of convenience, five miles from the harbour to windward of it on a beach over which a very dangerous surf rolls, capsizing probably one out of six of all the boats that land on it. In fact, on the morning that we arrived off the town, a New Bedford ship had just lost three men and an officer by the swamping of a boat. Our mates said it was all ignorance however, and made no difficulty of steering their boats through the surf, not taking in a drop of water. The town looks as though it had been built a great while. It has one or two very venerable looking churches and other buildings to compare, which gives the place that indescribably sombre, Roman Catholic air peculiar to Spanish cities in all parts of the world. The land here is no doubt quite equal to that of "Luzon" and would with half cultivation, yield crops of sugar or hemp which would raise Guam to the rank of an important island. Nothing, however, is exported from here except fruit and even this is rendered scarce and dear by the purchase of a dozen or so cargoes yearly for the San Francisco market. With the exception of those who kept stores or markets, the inhabitants did not seem to have any particular employment except lounging around and sunning themselves. There is nothing wherein the wisdom of the Almighty is more plainly manifest than in his appropriate distribution of the human family throughout the globe. Though it may be and undoubtedly is to a certain degree at least true that any people will eventually become adapted or accustomed to the usages of any climate wherein they may dwell for any length of time. But I think that if a colony from the rugged hills of New England was planted in Guam, it would be a very long time before they relapsed into the laziness and improvidence of its present inhabitants. And much longer before the

natives of Guam if placed in New England could obtain subsistence from the barren looking hills from which not only the necessities, but many of the luxuries of life are obtained by our perservering countrymen. It is true that Yankees, after a long residence in China, especially females and persons of sedentary habits, are apt to relapse into the indolent and "Don't Care Much" habits of the country. The climate being enervating and servants very numerous, helps this along very much. But after all the majority of our citizens whom you meet in China and other tropical climates are tireless and energetic in their pursuit of that wealth which gained by unflagging industry in foreign lands, has eventually covered their own barren hills with spacious residences and luxuriant grounds and places New England on the very top notch of civilization and refinement.

Returning to our yarn -- we worked ship off and on near the town for three days, the captain remaining ashore. At the end of that time a boat was sent in which brought him off, on board, and we began to make our way back to "Rota". Now this was not so trifling an undertaking for the "Romulus" as it might seem, forty miles dead to windward in N.E. trades, in a dull ship. We accomplished it however in three days, making a great number of tacks, losing on some, and carrying sail very hard, but finally bringing "Rota" on the lee bow. Upon going ashore, Captain Baker found his runaway safe and snug, tied hand and foot, and slung on a pole. Two men brought him down to the boat and claimed their reward. The poor fellow said he had had nothing to eat for three days and was glad enough to get back on board again. As this was the only business we had here, our stay was only one day and then we kept away to the Northward and Westward for the "Bonin" or "Aryobispo" Islands which lie in Lat North and Long. East. We made this singular group in due time and three boats were manned and sent in for the purpose of capturing green turtle, which were reported to be plentiful here. The group consists of two quite large Islands which contain a few half breeds and a detached small cluster of islets about thirty miles from the former, uninhabited. This last mentioned was where we landed. We found it formed by more than a dozen islands of different sizes, lying in (nearly as possible) a circle of two miles diameter. It is possible that this is the crater of some extinct and sunken volcano. Some of the islands are very remarkable in their appearance. One containing perhaps two acres of ground, was supported on natural pillars of rocky formation, one end higher than the other, and on the top were growing heavy trees, while underneath the sea was rushing through the narrow caverns with a deafening sound and it was almost impossible not to imagine that this immense table was about to slide off its ragged supporters into the sea. We pulled through a channel of thirty feet in width and forty fathoms deep, on each side of which ran up nearly perpendicularly a rocky precipice of from two hundred to fifty feet in height. That this channel had been formed by the splitting in two of the cliff, no one could doubt, for the shape of each side compared with the other and where a large indentation was seen on one side, a similar sized protuberance was sure to be observed on the opposite. Then the terminations of each cliff bore an exact resemblance in outline to its opposite neighbor. I was filled with awe and astonishment as I thought of the mighty convulsion of nature which must have occurred to have caused such an immense rock to split asunder. Our search for turtle had hitherto been fruitless as to catching them. Why we hadn't even seen one yet. The largest of this cluster of islands is two or three miles long and wide and is covered with very heavy trees of a different kind from any I had seen before. I believe they are good timber for building purposes. Most of the trees I speak of had very stout trunks and heavy branches and the wood was that close, dry, wavy-grain, which resembles teak in appearance. There was also a very heavy and tangled undergrowth. As we pulled leisurely along the white sand beach of this island, punching with our oars the

innumerable black sharks which line the shores of them all, and vainly straining our eyes to get a glimpse of a turtle, which animals we began to think had never been seen at the Bonin Islands, and that the Captain had been induced to hunt them here by false accounts, we were startled at the appearance of a canoe containing a European, pushing out among trees on the shore. He was soon alongside of our boat. He proved to be the sole "Patriarch" of the group, an Englishman with a Kanaka wife and four children. Under his guidance we pulled around a little promontory and entered a beautiful little landlocked basin, where a beach of the finest sand was densely overhung by the verdant foliage of the gigantic trees which grew nearly down to the water's edge. We landed and hauled the boat up on the sand and then followed our guide into a narrow pathway cut through the jungle. The entrance to this was so adroitly hid that I would defy any stranger to suspect its existence, upon nothing more than a superficial observation. He said that if the inhabitants of the lee islands (who came in large parties frequently to catch turtle) knew of his "clearing" they would plunder his little farm and drive him away from the island. After following the path for about 150 yards, we came suddenly from the thicket into his clearing. I wish to say before going further, that this was the only "beachcomber" I ever saw or heard of that seemed really fond of work. The residence was built in the most substantial manner, of squared logs laid together after the "loghouse" fashion, with a roof covered with long strips of bark, so arranged as to shed water. There were two apartments, each of which had an outside door for the admission of the inmates and also light -- window glass being one of the few things he did not possess. The quantity of furniture was very limited and the quality entirely original. The lady of the house was a rather good looking Kanakeress, who wore on the present occasion a calico dress (only) which was cut "Bonin" fashion, most likely. Her efforts to talk English and do the honors of the house to the mate and second mate, were truly commendable. Four very pretty half breed children completed this family group. The eldest was a girl of about fourteen years, who also wore a dress and was very handsome, graceful (naturally) and intelligent looking. During the day, I saw her reading an English book. In fact, everything spoke of a desire on the part of the "Patriarch" to render the condition of himself and family more in conformity with the usages of civilization than is usually, perhaps ever, met with among the foreign "residents" of Oceania. The remaining three children were from four months upwards. They were running around arrayed in "nature's garb", staring wonderingly at perhaps the first strangers they had ever seen. There were also two young Kanakas, brothers of the lady, who were farm hands. These constituted the entire population of the island. But what showed the most labor and industry of all, was the clearing itself. Situated on perfectly level ground, surrounded on three sides by low, heavily wooded hills, it consisted of about two acres of ground, which was surrounded by a stockade of stout saplings driven down close together and standing from five to seven feet in height. This was covered with a kind of running vine, resembling our ivy, which gave it a very pleasing appearance. He told us that this protection was necessary on account of the wild hogs which had sprung from a pair he turned loose ten years ago and were now very numerous and troublesome. The island was also infested with large rats. To offset the hogs and rats he had a large number of lean looking dogs, several of which he assured us were very gifted as hog and rat hunters. The soil was a deep black loam and was no doubt very fertile. We saw growing here sweet potatoes, bananas, yams, Irish potatoes, pumpkins, water melons, cabbages and turnips, besides the only peach tree I saw in the Pacific. Everything was free from weeds and excellently arranged and I don't doubt this man kept himself and his two men busy on it the greatest part of the time. He also had a hog pen containing 25 or 30 animals of different sizes, and a turtle pen under some trees on the beach, which was tenanted by a large number of fine green

turtles. As it was getting late in the day, the mate gave orders to man the boats and go off for the night. Next morning all three boats went in again and made a heavy draft on the "Patriarch's" stock of vegetables. We loaded three boats with the different kinds of sauce besides making another trip for turtles and hogs. In the P.M. he went off with the mate on board the ship to get his pay, which he took in cotton prints, men's clothing, shoes, tobacco, and other articles of which he stood in need, besides winding up the list with a keg of New England rum, which showed that isolated from the world as was this Patriarch, he still retained civilization enough to love rum. When we finally carried him ashore again to leave him to his loneliness, he bade us farewell, and said with great regret, "it may be years before I shall see the face of another white man." He wished us a pleasant and prosperous voyage and then turned into his concealed path and in a moment was hidden from sight by the dense thicket and nothing was left to show the existence of anything human upon this far from everywhere island. I am informed that the American government have established a claim to the "Bonin" Islands since my visit there, probably with a view of forming a coal depot for a contemplated line of steamers between California and China.

This was our last touching point between seasons. From the "Bonins" we made haste Northward, reaching the ice fields early in May. We took three fine whales in May and flattered ourselves with the hope of filling up very quick, going home, etc. etc. But alas for the folly of human expectations. From the first of June to the middle of August, we did not get a fish, hardly saw one. Other ships generally met the same luck. The season was a failure decidedly. We remained in the Arctic Ocean 'til the 25th of September, and were then obliged to leave, having only taken five whales during the whole season. We ran down with the rest to the Sandwich Islands and anchored in the roads of "Lahaina" Mowee Island. This is not a harbour, vessels laying at anchor in 75 fathoms of water and being frequently obliged (in interruptions of the N.E. Tradewinds by gales from a contrary direction) to slip their cables and go to sea. Lahaina is, however, preferable to Honolulu on account of articles required by ships being more cheap and easily procured. It is next to Honolulu in importance, contains besides a numerous native population, several foreign mercantile houses and ship chandler's stores. We remained here about three weeks, giving liberty, filling water and recruiting the ship. Here also, was discharged all the boatsteerers, except the American, and their places filled by a California Indian and another native of Noank. Many of our old crew were also discharged, their places being filled by Kanakas. I was very much pleased to find out after a fortnight's anxious speculation and fruitless enquiry, that our destination was to cruise and Home! Yes, that was the word, HOME! I had been on board the "Romulus" so long that I was almost forgetting sometimes that I had a home. But when we got started on our way thither, I began to come back to my senses again and every day that the old ship rolled off towards Cape Horn, found me more and more homesick and tired of the cruise. We just touched at Honolulu, laying off and on for the Captain to get his letters, and then made all haste to Southward, through the N.E. Trades, across the Equator and then down to the Island of "Whytatacke" in 20° South. This Island bears a very close resemblance to "Roratonga" before mentioned. We procured a goodly quantity of fruit here and a few yams, firewood, etc., and proceeded to the southward again -- bound for what whalers call the Middle Right Whale Ground, laying from 40 to 50 degrees South of the Line and say half way from New Zealand to Cape Horn. Whales are very plentiful there, but the weather exceedingly tempestuous, so we found it. We cruised from the first of December to the middle of January. Had perhaps a week of weather in which a boat could whale. Took two whales in the time, which made us about 100 barrels of oil. It was nothing remarkable to lay under a close reefed maintopsail for a week on a stretch. Things

were very comfortable though on board the "Romulus" in a gale. The officers did not pass much time on deck, the watches being divided and each quarterwatch headed by a boatsteerer. Thus everyone had three fourths of the time below. Our steerage at these times was an interesting apartment, from 3 to 5 lamps burning and smoking constantly. The boatsteerers also smoking nearly all the time kept the atmosphere in a state highly favorable to respiration. All hands talking together, some in English, some in Portuguese and the cooper in his execrable jargon of Danish English. Most of them working on canes, fancy boxes or miniature ships, added to this the old craft rolled very heavily and occasionally an extra lurch would send all hands spinning to leeward and scrimshawing tools, playing cards and ditty boxes be jumbled into a promiscuous heap. Still we took a good deal of comfort and the time passed off rather quickly than otherways. I think it was the 15th of January 1854, one Sunday. We had been laying about ten days and had no abatement of wind, that the captain came on deck from his dinner, just in time to see her roll all three larboard boats in -- at the great risk of taking them away, and taking a look to windward where it is certain there was nothing betokening good weather, he told the man at the helm to put his wheel up and the mate to set the foresail and foretopsail and square the yards and thus we shaped our course for Cape Horn, which place we passed sometime in February, having very moderate weather for that dreaded place. In fact carrying studding-sails nearly all the time, we were off the Cape. When up abreast of the Falkland Islands however, we had the hardest gale I saw on the voyage. The "Romulus" scudded through it under bare poles and made first rate weather of it, though the force of the wind was tremendous, and I don't think the smallest piece of canvass a ship could show, would stand a moment. I must say for the "Romulus" that old as she was and dull sailor too, she was by far the best sea boat and heavy weather craft I was ever in. This gale lasted three days and ran us pretty well up along the coast of Patagonia. From thence to the River La Plata we had variable winds. Off there we got a sperm whale, making 65 barrels of oil. This helped us out a little. We took the S.E. trades in due time and crossed the Equator about the 12th of April. On or near the line we gammed with the merchant ship "E. Bulkley", we took the N.E. trades together and we actually ran away from her, and eventually beat her four days in. While in the N.E. trades, we painted ship inside and out, fixed rigging, and other jobs, making the old craft look as fine as possible. Upon entering the Gulf Stream, the tryworks were torn to pieces and thrown overboard and for the first time in 33 months there was no lookout at the topgallantmast heads. On the 10th of May, we judged ourselves (the weather having been foggy for a number of days) off Montauk Point. According therefore to the time honored custom of whalers, our cannon was hoisted up out of the fore hold and it being nearly calm, we blazed away about 100 guns or so just to inform Mr. Mallory that we were coming. Next morning it was clear, Montauk in sight, and a good breeze from S.W. Nearly in the same place where he left us almost three years before, we were boarded by the pilot, Uncle Peter Baker, a relative of our Captain, who by the way had his things all packed and as soon as the usual greetings were over, embarked with them on board the pilot's smack, which started at once for Groton Bank. A queer way for a Captain to leave a vessel, a merchant sailor will think. But he had got the oil as he told us he would when we went out, and brought the ship into pilot grounds and his business was finished. At noon we came to anchor, not far from Dodge's Island, furled all the sails, squared yards, and left everything snug -- and as we touched off the old gun for the last time (which was filled to the muzzle with fat pork to make her speak) every man on board felt that the voyage was ended and was glad of it too. An immense duff was brought into the steerage and left untasted, and all of us made preparations for landing. For my own part my wardrobe had been extremely limited for several months and it was only by dint of severe and perservering patching that my two ~~suits~~ had brought me home, saving one suit spick and

span new to make my debut in Mystic with. Accordingly, I arrayed myself gorgeously in a new red shirt, canvas pants, black silk handkerchief, brogans, and a sennet hat having a long, flowing black ribbon and made glossy by many coats of black paint. By the way, I do not doubt the good people of Mystic gazed at me in this gay costume with much amusement as I did at the Portuguese at the Azores three years before. In a very short time the starboard boat was lowered and started for Mystic through the Riding Way containing the cooper, Uncle Josh, myself and four Kanakas. We got aground the usual number of times, but eventually reached Mr. Mallory's wharf. The news of our arrival had spread and quite a large crowd stood on the Bridge as we passed through, many of whom called me by name. The old men I recognized, but the young ones were all strangers. In them, with their long coats and high heeled boots, I could not yet see the sun-burnt, barefooted companions of my boyish sports -- and when on landing, a tall, well dressed youth took hold of both hands and accosted me very affectionately as "Bub", I could scarcely believe it to be my only cousin, "Henry", whom I left a little boy ready to cry at almost anything that crossed him. In fact, I shall never forget that day of returning to civilization. I found all the family alive and well and overjoyed to see me. It was quite a disappointment to me though that my new red shirt and canvas pants were not duly appreciated, and I was surprised to have mother tell me that I smelt "shippy", that I had better put on some of Father's clothes before I went into the street again or get some decent ones of my own. "My dear madam". said I -- "This is my best suit, you ought to see my everyday apparel". I became gradually accustomed however, to dressing respectably, eating clean food, sleeping in a bed, and other useless luxuries carelessly common with people who live on dry land, but not at all connected with the life of a whaleman. I was well received wherever I went and was probably asked the same questions by at least a hundred old women. "Did I like going to sea?" "Would I go again?" "Wasn't I glad to get home?" and a few other stereotypes of the same sort. The novelty was pleasing to me for a few weeks and then I began to be restless and came to the conclusion that after all my long cruise and going clear round the world, that I had not seen any of it yet worth mentioning, and that in order to do so, I must go in the Merchant Service.

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THE MERCHANT SERVICE

I obtained a berth in the ship E. Mallory then loading in New York for Rotterdam, in the capacity of ordinary seaman. How I packed my chest again, went to New York, my impressions of that wonderful place, how the hack driver swindled me, whom I hired to transport me from the steamboat to the ship, and how I finally lugged my chest and bed nearly the whole length of South Street and eventually reached the ship, nearly tired out and how the mate, when I told him I had come from Mystic, asked if I had carried the chest on my back all the way. All these things do not require any particular description, but they were eventful times for me.

The "Eliza Mallory" was a fine looking ship of nearly 700 tons, nearly new, and commanded by John E. Williams, Esq. At the time I joined her, she was nearly loaded with naval stores for Rotterdam, Holland. I do not feel inclined to enter into the details of this voyage very particularly and shall make pretty short work of it. After she had completed loading, she was towed off into North River, and there the crew were put on board by the boarding masters. The first appearance of my new shipmates struck me at once very unfavorably. Composed of all nations were they; drunk and fighting, growling and the officers pulling them around with curses and blows, was a great change from the quiet and orderly, yet strict disciplined whaler. However we got to sea in due time and I found myself able to do my share of the work and keep up with the rest very easily. I think we were out about 24 days, when we first saw the so called chalky cliffs of Old England. I enjoyed the scenery very much as we sailed with light, fair breezes up the Channel, close along the English shore, passing dozens of beautiful villages, and a continuous line of beautiful and highly cultivated country, clothed in the richest verdure of summer and filled with busy life. And then the hundreds of vessels of all sizes, from the Deal fish boat to the lofty India-man, returning with her valuable load to enrich the natives of this most wonderful Island. All this was new and interesting to one who had never seen anything but whales and half clad Islanders. And as we swept past the rugged cliffs and ancient Castle of Dover, all the old romances and tales of English history connected with the spot came up in my mind and with it a feeling of half admiration and half envy for a nation who could look back for so many centuries over an almost unbroken line of prosperity and steady accumulation of wealth and after so long a period, still increasing and extending their power faster than ever. Will that man live, I asked myself, who can tell of eight centuries existence and prosperity of our own loved land, where enterprise and energy form the only patents of nobility. If so, what a pigmy the present British Empire will be to the Republic of the future. In due time we sighted the marshes of Holland and arrived at "Helvoet" which is the port of entry to "Rotterdam" which is situated on the river "Maas" and to which from "Helvoet" there is a ship canal cut carrying 18 feet of water for nine miles, as on account of the shoalness of that river it is not accessible from the sea by the "Maas". It was a very novel situation for a ship going through locks and rustic bridges and towing by horses along the banks of a canal about a half wider than the ship herself. The country we went through was a dead level, in many places lower than the water of the canal and protected from inundation by well constructed dykes along its banks. It was haying time and we passed through many fields where the phlegmatic Hollanders were cutting the fragrant crop and who hardly cared to look up from their work to see the great ship that had sailed so many thousand miles on the turbulent billows and was now towing by their very doorsteps. It was no new sight to them however, for I was told that over a thousand vessels used this canal yearly, both ways. The city of Rotterdam is very finely situated,

or pleasantly, I should say, on the left bank of the river which instead of being cut into wharves like most city fronts and presenting on the water side the meanest part of the city, has a straight levee running the whole length, which is made beautiful by large elm trees at equal distances and extending the entire length of the city. This street or levee is called the "Boompjes" and instead of being disfigured by warehouses, ship chandleries, and other belonging of commerce, it contains the finest private houses and hotels in the city, and although hundreds of cargoes are yearly discharged here and ships from all parts of the world are constantly moored to the trunks of the gigantic elms, the pavements are cleaner and the general appearance of the neighborhood no more betokens the presence of shipping than does Union Square in New York. And indeed the whole city far surpasses in cleanliness any place I ever saw before or since. There are three or four canals navigable for small vessels which penetrate the city in different directions, but where all the dirt and refuse of the city goes, is a puzzler. The cleanliness extends to everything, even the beggars in their rags are far from being the repulsive objects that assail one in other European cities. Each family wash the front of their houses and their sidewalks daily and it is a perfect nuisance that you cannot pass the streets at any time of day without a momentary expectation of being drenched by the hose of some rosy cheeked servant girl as she performs her incessant round of renovation. There is a curious fashion here of having projecting mirrors outside the street windows, placed in such a position that the fair Hollanders can sit at their ease and see everyone who passes reflected in the glass, without being obliged to spoil the shape of their nasal organ against the window as many of our American girls do. It was my fortune to be in Rotterdam during the "Kermese", which is an annual fair or jubilee, lasting ten days, during which a good deal of municipal indulgence is granted and people are allowed to make as much noise in the streets as they like and everyone enjoys themselves in their own way. Tents were erected in various parts of the city, containing wonderful shows of fat women, wild beasts, and performers of different curious feats. Punch and Judy and other street shows were rampant at all hours, cooking booths sprung up in every niche of old buildings and troops of highly respectable citizens of both sexes were to be seen and heard at all hours of the night, marching or rather skipping through the streets and bawling out some kind of a song which contained more noise than melody. The members of all ranks of society seemed to enter into the spirit of the thing with their whole hearts. I also had an opportunity of visiting "Scheidam" where the celebrated gin is manufactured. It is not a very large or busy place and the only remarkable thing about it which struck me, was its surprising neatness. A stranger being there on Sunday would think the town had been built some centuries since, cleaned up completely and then deserted. The principal money in Holland is the Guilder worth 40¢ our money and fractional parts in silver and copper. Everything seems very cheap to an American who comes here from home and no doubt you can buy as much for the guilder as could be bought in New York for a dollar. The discharging of our cargo and loading again occupied about six weeks. Our lower hold was filled with merchandise of different kinds, while the between decks were to be occupied by about 400 emigrants. This was more variety. Berths were put up of rough boards, many water casks were stowed and filled. Temporary ranges were built on deck and when we were all prepared and ready for sea, they came down in a drove, like so many sheep, all ages, sexes and all kinds of Dutch from the neat, rosy Hollander to the high German from over the Swartz Mountains. There were Poles and Prussians, Austrians, and Swiss, and all jabbering away industriously in their respective languages, creating a scene which in confusion and noise rivalled any bedlam. But all scenes have an end and accordingly our passengers after awhile were all embarked, names called, and answered and sent below out of the way and the lines were cast off, and we bade farewell to Rotterdam with its spacious quay and magnificent elm trees thereon, and again calling requisition our horse towing, glided swiftly

down the canal past Helvoet and finally into the open water again. We had fine, pleasant winds on leaving the shores of Holland which carried us past Dover and clear away out through the British Channel past Cape Clear and well on our way, and began to have anticipations of a wonderful, quick run to New York, when upon reaching Longitude 18° W. we experienced a change and had a succession of violent gales from the Westward, which delayed us exceedingly and though not causing the sailors any alarm, frightened the unsophisticated emigrants excessively. There was plenty of work this passage for all the sailors besides the usual ship work of tending the sails, etc. All the passengers stores to be weighed out to them every morning and the decks and between decks to keep clean after them, thus keeping all hands busy night and day. For my own part, I enjoyed myself very much as the society of various damsels among the passengers was not without its charm, and it was a matter of perfect indifference to me whether the passage occupied 30 or 80 days. Our mate on this voyage was a very deficient man in the qualities which are required in a sea officer and on the homeward passage the great quantities of liquor in the passenger's possession, gave him opportunities of getting drunk, which he availed himself of very often. So that the discipline on board was pretty near at an end when we finally reached New York after a 46 days passage. The voyage, however, was in a manner successful, as we brought our emigrants without losing any and met with no accident. We anchored off Castle Garden on a fine morning in October and soon afterwards the emigrant barge came alongside and with many regrets, I saw the last of my charming companions -- also tearful and despondent as the barge was towed away from us to be landed at last in America, the Utopia of poor Germans and Irish. That's the last I ever saw of any of them. The same afternoon a steam tug came off and towed the ship into her old berth at pier 50 East River. I had long since made my mind up that I did not like the ship or those on board of her, so the next night after she came to the wharf, I asked for my money, got it and embarked all my goods on board the steamboat and without staying to see much of New York, found myself home next morning just in time to enjoy all the plentiful, luxuries of autumn in the season of their greatest profusion. My stay at home this time occupied about four weeks, during which time I spent my time foolishly and my money freely, as I look back on it now, but I must confess that I took a great deal of comfort and enjoyed myself very much.

My next voyage was from New York to Mobile in the barque "W.H. Brodie", which vessel I joined at New York after a stay at home of about four weeks. She was laying on for freight in a regular line of packets and completed her loading some time near the first of December 1854. Our Captain was G.B. Crary, whom I never found to be any other than a very capable ship-master and strictly honest man in all his transactions. The mate was an old "standby" Charlie Eldredge by name, a man of excellent judgement and naturally clear headed, but somewhat deficient in energy and ambition and just a trifle !!! too fond of whiskey. As my connection with the "Brodie" was somewhat lasting, a small description of her will not be out of place here. Her tonnage was about 400, she had two decks, the upper one flush and low bulwarks, cabin and forecastle below, and nothing on the upper deck except a small house for the galley. She was no clipper, but for all that, a very good sailer and a safe, comfortable vessel. After we completed our loading, our crew, consisting of seven besides myself, were put on board in the usual manner and on getting to sea, we found only two who could steer at all and those very poorly. All the difference it made was that the rest of us had more to do and the passage was made without accident in 25 days and I had for the first time a chance to see the southern portion of our Great Republic and slightly to observe the manners and customs thereof. Entering Mobile Bay and passing the since celebrated Fort Morgan and steering up to the head of the Bay, you come to the city of Mobile built in a

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straggline manner on the West bank of the Delta of the Alabama river, thirty miles from the Gulf of Mexico and on low ground which is not particularly conducive to the healthiness of the city in summer time. We hauled alongside the wharf and our crew left and negroes were hired in their places, who, of course were slaves and in a very short time the cargo was taken out and as we were not going to load here, ballast was put in the hold, a new crew shipped, and we towed down the bay again and went to sea, bound for St. Marks, a place in the State of Florida, which has a railroad terminus and is the outlet of a good deal of cotton from the interior of Georgia and Florida. While in Mobile I improved all the Sundays and evening in walking about and seeing the city. It is not much to see. Some few fine and luxurious private residences, a fine hotel, the "Battle House" and a great many noble upriver steamers laying at the wharves and thousands of bales of cotton piled thereon, showing the great wealth of a country which produces this indispensable article in such abundance. One looks in vain however in Mobile or in fact in any other Southern city for the intelligence, refinement and general information among the regular outdoor, bone and sinew part of the population, which you may meet everywhere in the North. The cause of this is, I think, owing to the existence of slave labor, as nearly all the labor is done by these slaves it is rather counted a disgrace for a white man to work and those who are so unfortunate as not to own a plantation feel that they have no place in society whatever, being of course, above the negro but much father below the aristocratic owner of the slave. The man who is thus situated knows it is almost impossible for him to rise above his present position and own slaves himself and be an aristocrat. The whole tone and bearing of society is against it. His father was not in Congress and left him no estates. His Grandmother seven generations ago was unfortunately only perhaps some common, poor person, most likely he has no idea who she was -- whereas, had she been the bastard of some French count and Indian squaw (princess) the case would be different. He would be possessed of that indispensable qualification of Southern aristocracy Blood. But from his youth up he knows he can never be but a "Poor White", the contempt of master and slave alike has him for its object, and he whiles away his existence in a board shanty in the piney woods, shooting game and playing poker and never neglecting an opportunity to ill use and persecute the innocent causes of his being in his present despised condition. There are, of course, exceptions to this, many of them, but every one who knows, will say that as far as it goes this is the true picture of the "Poor White" in the Southern states.

We reached St. Marks in due time, anchored at the entrance of the river nine miles from the depot or as they called, the "Town", and received our cargo from lighters. The officers and crew stowed the vessel and in about two weeks being filled up and the decks piled full of cotton, we sailed for New York. Had a tolerable quick but cold and blowy passage, arriving on the first of February 1855. Our bark had already been chartered by the owner and as soon as possible we were to proceed to Key West and there load for London. I liked the vessel pretty well and the captain, and concluded to try another voyage in her. We were discharged, ballasted and outside Sandy Hook by the 6th of February, having on board fifty laborers, passengers to Key West. In nine days we anchored in the harbor of the latter place, discharged ballast and in due time loaded with the cargo of a vessel which had been ashore and was condemned, consisting of rum and sugar. Key West possessed a good deal of interest to me as it was here that my mother died many years ago and moreover the place was settled principally by people from Mystic and there were always more or less natives of the above place to be found here picking up a few dollars by fishing for Havana market or engaged in the laudable business of wrecking ships and perhaps setting false light to beguile the unwary mariner into their net viz "The Reef". Key West contained at that time quite a large number of inhabitants, many of whom were well off. The most of them derived

their living and wealth from wrecking, either directly or indirectly. It was laid out in streets, had a custom house and other government buildings, three churches besides a garrison of U.S. troops. Fort Taylor on the S.W. corner of the island was just being built then. It is now a very large and powerful fortification and would afford ample protection in case of a hostile attack on the town of Key West with its harbour and whatever ships might be in it.

The loading and getting ready for sea of the bark "Brodie" was completed and she sailed for London the 15th of March, 1855. We had a boisterous passage and arrived in the "Downs" on the 18th day of April -- without accident however. Here the management of the vessel was given up to the London pilot who boarded us as soon as we passed Dover and under his skillful guidance we proceeded up among the numerous sands which render the entrance to the Thames so intricate till we arrived at Gravesend, at which place the river becomes so narrow and so densely crowded by all sorts of craft that it becomes necessary to take steam for the rest of the way. To form any idea of the multitude of vessels and the immense value of their cargoes that constantly swarm this narrow, dirty stream, is not possible. Hundreds daily of large size vessels going and coming to and from every part of the navigable globe and thousands of barges, lighters, small boats of every description throng its waters constantly, all hurrying, driving and pushing by as if their very existence depended on reaching a certain point in a given time. All this forms a lively, interesting, and ever changing scene. At the time we passed up, the ship "Great Republic" was anchored below Gravesend, being obliged to unload by lighters as there was not sufficient water for her to ascend to the docks. I felt proud that of all the numberless ships that had passed up this river, the most beautiful one should be a countryman of mine. Hurrah! Then say I for progressive America that can send such symmetrical ships to sea while John Bull like John Chinaman still worships his old idols and will not be persuaded to abandon the quarter galleries and bluff bows of Admiral Blake's time. From Gravesend we were towed by a steamer to the West India docks, where we were to discharge our cargo. The docks of London and Liverpool are, I think, among the most magnificent works of modern times, excavated from the solid ground and covering hundreds of acres, they are surrounded by masonry of the most massive kind, and the water in them is deep enough for the largest ships to load. The amount of labor expended on them and their cost is almost incredible, but without them the commerce could not be carried on owing to the great rise and fall of the tides in all parts of England, particularly in the Thames, which at high tide has plenty of water and really presents the appearance of a fine river, at low water, is no more than a small and dirty looking puddle running between two wide banks of filthy mud in which like huge ducks may be seen scores of vessels standing upright in their cozy bed, secure from all the dangers of their native element which seems to have deserted them altogether. So in order to carry on the commerce of the country or any part of it, we see that the docks are absolutely necessary and no one can gainsay that the English have built them in a manner which while answering the grand purpose of their construction, makes them ornamental and creditable in the highest degree to the cities where they are located.

It is not my intention to undertake any description of London, for I should fail very soon. After the "Brodie" was docked it made no difference with us sailors, we had to work all the same, from sunrise to sunset. However, I had the evenings and Sundays for my walks and explorations and I availed myself of all those chances to wander around that immense wilderness of houses and streets. I passed through the tunnel under the Thames River, over several of the magnificent bridges which span that river. I saw St. Pauls, The Tower, Temple Bar, the Monument, and hundreds of other objects of interest rendered familiar to almost everyone by history and tales

of fiction. I walked the streets, gazing at everything in my way and saw a great deal and did not understand but little of what I saw. In due time our ship was unloaded, ballasted, and chartered to go to Cardiff in Wales and load railroad iron for a place in Virginia, "Bermuda Hundreds" since rendered famous by the attempt of Uncle Sam's greatest jackass, Butler, to cut a canal from one part of the James River to another. Our original crew all remained by the ship, and were a very civil lot of men so that we had nothing to do but haul out of the dock and proceed down the Thames and make the best of our way to Cardiff. Our passage through the Channel occupied three weeks or more and we anchored at many places along the coast waiting for wind and tide. Pleasant places, too, they were, at this season (June). Rye, Brighton, Hythe, and finally at the Isle of Wight. We stopped sometimes two or three days and sometimes only one tide. The Channel was for the whole time as smooth as a millpond and the weather delightful. After awhile we rounded the rugged and frowning rocks that form the "Land's End", stood up the Bristol Channel and arrived in Cardiff. This is a great depot for the shipment of coal and railroad iron to all parts of the world. It has a very commodious dock and the only object of interest there is Cardiff Castle, which is one of the oldest of all English castles. The town is itself, very dirty, poorly laid out and everything in and around it is covered with coal smoke and dust. The less that is said about this place, the better, for I never heard of anything good being there or coming from there except the coal and iron. Our little barque was soon loaded deep with iron and we bade farewell to Cardiff without many regrets. Our passage from thence to the Capes of Virginia was unmarked by any special incidents. We had fine weather and never took in the maintopgallant sail all the time. I believe the living that we sailors got that passage was the poorest I ever got along on and we all growled accordingly, but it came to an end like everything else and after fifty days hard work and hard grub, we arrived at Bermuda Hundreds and were about a week discharging the cargo. This work was done by slaves and I could not help contrasting the harsh treatment and hard working of these Virginia "niggers" and also their sullen discontented looks with the humanly treated and carefully worked negroes of Mobile, who come and go to and from their work singing and laughing and work the same hours that whites labor. I have since found that slaves were invariably better treated around seaports and outskirts of the slave states than they are farther back in the interior. Perhaps it is to give strangers as they come and go a better idea of the institution. After our cargo was all out and the vessel ballasted, we sailed down the James to the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay and from thence shaped our course to Mystic, as business being dull, the owners concluded to lay her up at home 'til the freights became better. It was sometime in August, when we tied the "Brodie" up to Simeon Fish's wharf and were paid off from her. I had already secured a chance to go second mate on her next voyage, and in the meantime I went about enjoying myself the best way I could. Looking back on those times I consider them to have been the happiest part of my life almost. I had a good home to go to and kind parents to welcome me there. I believe I was popular and well liked among those of my own age of both sexes, so that it was rather with a feeling of regret that I finally packed my traps for sea again and went to help bend the "Brodie's" canvass. (In fact I never did enjoy hard work.)

We sailed from Mystic about the middle of September and arrived in New York in good time, went on the same line as in the preceding year. Loaded for Mobile and shipping a crew, sailed for that place early in November. I dare say I felt gratified and duly aware of the responsibility of my new office, which gave me charge of the deck half the time and the overseeing of seven men. Whether I accomplished the duty in a manner satisfactory to the Captain or creditable to myself can be found out perhaps by inquiries of G. B. Crary, Esq., and to him I refer anyone who has any curiosity on the subject. We arrived in Mobile all safe after a pleasant passage. The crew

all left and we proceeded to discharge our cargo. After this was accomplished, the bark was chartered for Havre in France. I was very glad of this as I always liked to visit new places. We loaded as quickly as possible and shipping a new crew, sailed sometime near Christmas. This passage I shall always remember as being one of the roughest I ever made. After we got around Florida and in the latitude of Cape Hatteras, we took a westerly gale which carried us nearly across the Atlantic, blowing with such fury that we were unable to carry anything but a close reefed maintopsail, running and creating a sea that threatened to engulf the little "Brodie" every moment. We sustained no damage however except washing out our bulwarks and stern windows and arrived in Havre after thirty days passage which was considered good for the season. We found that other ships twice our size had sustained much more damage on the same passage than we had, which fact gave us a good opinion of the sea-going qualities of our barque. Havre is, as everyone knows, situated on the English Channel nearly opposite to Beachy Head and on the east side of the entrance of the River Seine. It is the seaport of Paris and as such is necessarily a place of great trade and importance. It is unfortunate in not having a good harbour, but this is remedied by the artificial one which is formed by a breakwater, built out many hundred feet behind which vessels may lay in safety 'til the tide serves to enter the large and superior docks which have room for more than a thousand vessels, besides which new ones are constantly being dug. There was at this time 95 American ships and barques here, the majority of which brought cotton from Southern ports. As soon as we entered the docks our galley fire had to be put out, and we all had to be boarded ashore at ship's expense, as neither fires nor lights are allowed on board any vessel in the docks. As we were berthed about a mile from any boarding house and the days were very short, our time was nearly all occupied in going to and coming from our meals. Our crew left the vessel and I had pretty easy times on board. Havre looks as it should, a place of great age and some of the architecture is very curious. Narrow streets, pointed roofs and overhanging gables abound. I did not like the people as well as I did the Dutch. They certainly show to the most careless observer a good deal of the conceit and vanity which is attributed to Frenchmen. Besides this they take no pains to learn the English language, and as I knew not theirs, I had a rather dull time and was not sorry when our vessel was ready for sea again. We took ballast for Mobile again, shipped a new crew, and went out for my part, without regrets. It took three weeks to get clear of the British Channel. It was blowing hard from West, rainy and cold, we had to wear ship frequently as we approached the shores on either side and finally when we got past Cape Clear all hands were pretty well tuckered out. The passage was a long one -- after 70 days we reached Key West, where we were obliged to stop and get some provisions. After a stay of two days at this place, we again started for Mobile, which we reached in about a week's time. In due time we chartered again and loaded with cotton for Fall River went to sea and reached that place early in May. On arriving there our captain found orders for him to leave the "Brodie" and take charge of the fine ship "B.F. Hoxie" then loaded and waiting for him in New York, bound to San Francisco. He therefore left us suddenly and in three days was on the seas again. In conclusion concerning Capt. Crary, he commanded the "B.F. Hoxie" until during the late rebellion when his ship was burned by the "Florida". Captain William Clift came down from Mystic to manage our concerns at once and we discharged our cargo without delay and again shaped our course for Mystic River and there I was discharged with the mate and others and the old craft laid up for the summer. My time passed off as usual in pleasure seeking and spending what money I earned through the winter and as my amusements were all of a respectable character and also my associates, I cannot say that I regret that I was thus occupied. Fall came though, as a matter of course. The "Brodie" fitted up and the command given to Capt. L. N. Williams, who proceeded to

ship his officers to suit himself, but passed over me for a good reason, "He knew not Joseph", (the first quotation in the book). As for myself, I saw no chance from home or in a Mystic ship. So I packed my chest and shipped by the run to New York in the old barque. On her arrival there I began the work of looking up a ship and many were the short cuts I received for many days. I wandered up and down South Street and many Captains did I ask, "Do you want a second mate, Sir?" Some answered me civilly, some condescendingly polite, a very few kindly, but for a long time all unfavorably. I began to be discouraged, but thought it very strange if among all the thousand vessels at the wharves of the great city, there was no vacant place for me and finally I did succeed in finding a situation as second mate in the "Eliza Mallory" again, though she was commanded by an entire stranger. She was loading for New Orleans and I worked on board her about three weeks, when I was surprised by receiving a visit from Capt. Williams of the "Brodie". His mate had left him and from what he had seen of me while coming through the sound, he thought I should suit him for a first officer. Here was something -- mate, and only 19 years old and asked to go too! I was not long changing my traps back to the "Brodie" though very diffident about being qualified to fill the important position of 1st officer. But I thought if the Captain was willing to risk me, I should do wrong not to risk myself. The "Brodie" was loading for St. Marks, and I received and measured her cargo which came along pretty fast, so that I think we were off about the 10th of October, 1856. We arrived out all safely loaded back for New York and 9 days after sailing were off Cape Hatteras, congratulating ourselves on the probability of going in, in a few days, when we experienced a very heavy gale of wind from N.E. which obliged us to run off to southward of the Gulf Stream. This after continuing for three days was followed by a N.W. gale that lasted nearly a week. In the meantime, our provisions were getting short and we were very anxious to get in. But the winds blew constantly from an adverse direction and we were three times driven to southward of the Gulf Stream and twice supplied with provisions by vessels we fell in with and we all suffered considerably from cold and hunger. Nearly all the crew were frostbitten and it was 36 days from the time we passed Cape Hatteras until we arrived in New York and then we were just lucky enough to get into a slip between pier 7 and 8 North River, when a N.W. gale commenced which blew harder than any we had experienced. The thermometer was 12° below zero during this gale. I say we were in the slip, but we did not get alongside the wharf for a fortnight. We were blocked up solid in the ice and went ashore over it. It was a winter long to be remembered in New York. The sleighs ran on Broadway for ten days and all the eastern railroads were blocked up and no vessels passed between New York and Boston for many days. At length the weather became more mild and steamtugs with rams were hired which cut up the ice and we got a berth and discharged the cargo. After which we laid on for St. Marks again, and in a couple of weeks sailed. This must have been about the first of February 1857. During the voyage which followed, nothing of consequence took place and we arrived back in New York the first of April and after discharging went on the old berth for Mobile. As the cargo came very slow, I obtained leave to go home for a few days, which I gladly availed myself of and enjoyed very much. All through the months of April and May we laid at the foot of Wall Street and it was not until the first of June that the crew came on board and we hauled out in the stream, anchored, and took in from small boats about five tons of gunpowder which is not allowed to be taken at the wharves and which we stowed between decks under the mizzen hatch and on the 2nd of June, 1857, the "Brodie" sailed on her Last Voyage.

At this season of the year the prevailing winds were S.W. and generally very light and we were not expecting a very quick passage, and after being at sea 12 days we were not much disappointed that the Hole in the Wall was

yet 350 miles from us, bearing S.W. and the wind from that quarter too and very light with beautiful pleasant weather. On Saturday, June 14th at dusk everything was moving in its usual quiet way with us and being my watch below at 8 bells, I left the deck in charge of the second mate and went below to turn in. Capt. Williams came down at the same time and when we had got to bed we began to talk on various subjects, as was our usual custom and after keeping up the conversation for perhaps half an hour it began to drag and I was just composing myself for a nap, when I was aroused thoroughly by Capt. William's exclamation: "Get up, there's something afire here!" I jumped out of bed and found him pulling the bedding out of his berth in the hope of finding the cause of the smoke. Not succeeding there, he opened a door leading into a store room which occupied about six feet in length clear across and divided the cabin from the between decks. As the door opened the smoke filled the cabin in a dense body. We immediately opened the door leading from the store room into the between decks. It was stowed full of cargo, mostly dry, light goods and packages in straw, and the whereabouts of the fire became apparent at once, for the whole mass of cargo appeared wrapped in flames which burned up brighter as soon as the air from the door reached them. My next impulse was to rush up on deck, which I did and found the second mate sitting on the binnacle, unconscious of danger, watching the sails and humming a tune. His reverie was somewhat broken by my telling him in a breath "We are on fire below!" "Lower the stern boat as quick as you can, while I go and get the powder overboard!" His wits however were about him and as sudden as it came he at once started to obey the order. I ran to the waist and shouted at the top of my voice: "Come aft here all hands! Come along at once! Don't stop to put on clothes!" At this order and the tone it was given in, they came at once, every man, the watch below with only their shirts on, getting aft as soon as those who were already on deck. I said as calmly as possible to them: "There is something on fire below! Take off the booby hatch and we will throw the gunpowder overboard at once. Now move!" Two of them picked up the booby hatch and threw it over on deck, another jerked the tarpaulin from the hatch and as he did so, the tongues of flame leaped up between the mizzen hatches and we could see that everything was in flames below. Now I knew very well that the fire that darted up through that seam was feeding on the very boxes that contained the kegs of powder and that the explosion could not possibly be delayed over two minutes and if I say that I was frightened or terrified it will give no idea of it. I am only thankful to say that by the goodness of God, I was not paralyzed. I ordered them all into the boat and surely orders were never obeyed so quick before. They made a rush together for the stern and down the fall into the boat, which the second mate had succeeded in safely lowering and which was towing by the lee tackle still hooked in the bow. I was following them as fast as possible when I met Captain Williams just coming up out of the cabin. He said: "What's all hands doing in that boat, we have no water, no provisions, let us throw over the powder!" In reply I pointed to the flames that were darting up between the hatches and said, "Come, we must leave. We must go at once!" He seemed to hesitate and I was about to leave him, when he said, "Can we not save the other boat?" Now this boat was hanging at the quarter davits. The falls had been unrove and she was lashed with a few turns of small stuff to the davit heads. I told him we might cut her adrift and chance her getting stove or filled and that if he would get into the other boat, I would cut her away if there was time. He assented to this and slid down the fall into the boat, while I cut first the aft and then the forward lashing and had the satisfaction of seeing her fall right side up in the water and drop astern alongside the other boat, and as she did so, Captain Williams jumped into her and went away astern in her by himself and by the time I had got on board the other boat and cut the tackle fall by which she towed (and you may be certain this all did not take as long as it does to write it) a distance of perhaps a hundred yards separated the two boats. Thus in a space of time not exceeding four minutes

from our discovering the fire in the cabin, we were adrift on the wide Atlantic with not a drop of water or a mouthful of food and we beheld our good ship majestically sailing away from us on the long, heaving swell, leaving a wake that glistened in the bright moonlight, like a pathway of crystals and nothing visible about her that told of the volcano raging within that we knew must soon burst forth with its terrific fury and involve the whole mass in total destruction. As soon as I had cut adrift, I gave the order to ship oars and pull to the other boat, that we might divide our crews and lighten our boat which was much crowded. While this was being done and as I stood in the head of the boat looking regretfully at the good vessel that had borne me and others through so many storms in safety, the thought came across me that maybe we were wrong after all to leave her so quickly and that perhaps we should have the mortification to have her run away out of sight from us and no signs of fire about her. Needless fear! Even as the thoughts ran through my brain, unfinished, a concussion in the air was felt, a noise louder than thunder was heard, and the red flame shot upwards to a tremendous height, carrying with it countless fragments of spars, timbers, and every portion of the vessel and cargo which was hurled all inflames, to a great distance around and then falling into the sea, covered it as far as we could see, with blazing fragments whose light for the time paled that of the moon, and as they rose and fell on the long ground swell, cast so weird and unearthly glow on this lonely ocean scene as I could not think of describing, but which will remain fresh in my memory while memory lasts. At the time of the explosion and thoughtless of the debris that fell on all sides and among us, my eyes were riveted to the ship or what remained of her. She was cut down square to the water's edge just abaft the fore rigging, all aft of this had left suddenly and as soon as the explosion occurred and while the fire ran up the forward shrouds and kindled the sails, I saw the bow of the vessel rise out of water as the foremast careened over aft and in less than a minute the end of the jib boom went straight down from sight and thus forever she disappeared from mortal's view. At the same instant my attention was drawn to our own situation, by finding myself nearly waist deep in water, standing up in the bow of the boat. Upon looking around, I discovered the whole mizzenmast from where it goes through the deck to the crosstrees, laying right across the middle of the boat, where it had fallen, cutting the boat almost clean in two. Fortunately it fell in the only place where it could possibly fall without crushing some of the crew under it and as it was two of them were rather severely bruised by it. I will not say anything of what might be the feeling of the rest at this time, but for myself, self-preservation and almost entire disregard for the rest, was the predominant feeling. Very selfish! you will say, of course -- but who in such a situation if they speak truth, can say much more of themselves? Very few, judging from my experience with men. The sailors in our boat were now entirely demoralized -- some were praying and lamenting their (as they supposed) untimely fate. Nearly all swearing vigorously at intervals and some boohooing like grown up babies. We appeared to be in the middle of a great raft or drift of floating debris of all kinds, most of the large masses of which were on fire and the light of these fires made every object near us distinctly visible; and seeing the Captain in the other boat by himself and apparently uninjured, at a distance of maybe 200 feet from us, I hailed him and told him our boat was stove up and asked him to come to us. He said his boat was all right, but he was so surrounded with pieces of timber and other wreckage that he could not get to us. I then jumped into the sea and by persevering efforts succeeded in reaching his boat and climbed into her. Unlashing the oars from the thwarts, we pulled and pushed our way among the wrick until we reached the other boat, where the sailors were making the night hideous with their howls and lamentations, and succeeded in hauling them all into the boat without the loss of a man, and when all were embarked, the gunwale of our little boat was not more than four inches out of water, and as she had

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sustained some injury when I cut her away from the side, one man was obliged to bale constantly. Now there was the greatest certainty that as soon as the weather became any way rough our frail boat would swamp by being overloaded, added to this we had not a drop of water or a mouthful of food and were many miles past the usual track of outward bound vessels and 300 miles from the Bahamas, which were the nearest land. With all these cheering facts before us, we pulled round to leeward of all the debris, which by this time had drifted together in a sort of raft, which appeared to cover about two or three acres and finding there a spar (the mainmast) we tied our boat to it to wait for daylight. By this time the blazing fragments of wreck were quenched, the moon had set and the still, cold starlight was over us, and the silence of the night was only broken by the dull swash of the waves among the scattered fragments of the wreck. Rather dismal surroundings and not a very pleasant situation to be in. But we began to get over our scare and to realize that as bad as it undoubtedly was, it might have been worse. Had the Captain and myself gone to sleep when we went below at 8 o'clock, instead of talking for half an hour, we could have waked at the moment of total destruction to all. Then we were all alive and none badly injured. The weather had all appearances of remaining fine and we had good reason to believe we should find food among the wreck to sustain life and then we had good hopes of being picked up by some passerby before we drowned or starved. Thus by persevering efforts we reasoned ourselves into pretty good spirits and some of the sailors even went to sleep in the bottom of the boat and snored loudly. To me the hours passed slow and tedious. My thoughts were busy on all subjects and I wished I had been a better boy than I had. But I made many resolutions to myself about holding on to the "frail thread" to the bitter end and did not by any means give up hope.

Fortunately the fortitude of no one was put to the test just then, for almost at the first break of day we saw a schooner away off to the eastward of us steering North. We immediately cast off from our friendly spar and pulled for the passing vessel with all our strength. After rowing for perhaps four miles and being then directly astern of the schooner, the faint morning breeze freshened a little and we pulled for an hour without changing the distance between us. We shouted all together many times -- but no use. Tired out and most disheartened, we were about to abandon the chase and find our way back to our raft as the only hope, when suddenly and providentially, the wind dropped off to nearly a calm and in a very short time we ran alongside the schooner "Diadem" of Gloucester, bound to New York from the West Indies. The watch on deck consisted of one man and he was fast asleep alongside the wheel and it became plain to us at once why we were not heard. We scrambled out on deck and after some efforts, aroused the sleeper and also the Captain and the other two that made up her crew. They were at first rather frightened at receiving such an early visit from such an uncanny lot as we formed and visions of skulls and crossbones and bloody pirates abounded for a moment in their sleep-sodden brains. We very soon however, made them aware of the real facts of the case. The Captain expressed his sorrow at our mishap and bade us welcome on board and treated us very kindly all the time we were with him. At our request the schooner was put back to the scene of the wreck and during the day which remained calm, her decks were filled with such goods as were able to pick up and at night a fresh breeze sprang up from S.W. and our course laid for New York, where we arrived the 20th of June, 1857, after an absence of 21 days. Soon after I landed near Furlton Market clad in an old shirt, dungaree pants, and part of a straw hat, I met one of my acquaintances who was, I believe, part owner of the late "Brodie". His face lengthened as he saw me and knew by my rig that something was wrong. "Where's the 'Brodie'?" I told him very briefly where she was and then he brightened up wonderfully for the vessel was insured for much more than her real worth, as also was

her freight. He said something very indefinite about somebody ought to do something for us and passed along. Before I got far on South Street, I met Capt. William Brand, with whom I was then very slightly acquainted and who was that time in the schooner "Stampede". He very quickly perceived my condition and without asking any questions, took me on board his vessel, fitted me out with a suit of good clothes and then offered me money to take me home. Now, I was not at all hard up when I landed in New York, only for the time being. I had money at home and friends and a home and no doubt could have been trusted for a suit of clothes in New York and money too. I just mention this little contrast as an instance of the difference in men. The one, cool, deliberate, calculating, and wholly wrapped up in self. The other open hearted, liberal and seemingly just glad of an opportunity to do a fellow mortal a kindness. Captain Brand will ever occupy a very high place in my estimation.

That night Capt. Williams and myself went home on the steamer and Father was aroused from his slumbers by the sudden appearance of his hopeful son entirely "cleaned out". The sympathy I received from all my friends, young and old, was very satisfactory and in sufficient quantities and I enjoyed it very much. I passed away the summer very pleasantly and fall came before I was hardly aware of it. The owners of the "Brodie" did not have any employment for me and so I shipped as second mate again in my old ship the "Eliza Mallory", which had been laid up all summer and was to be commanded by Captain Gwynne. During the latter part of October we hauled the "Eliza Mallory" through the bridge and employed about fourteen days hauling her down the river to a point where sail could be made on her and then perhaps another week ere we reached New York. This was the year that so many failures took place and such a panic prevailed over the whole country in monetary affairs as will not soon be forgotten by businessmen. Consequently freights were flat -- hardly anything doing. In the month of November however, we were chartered to go to Bristol with a load of flour and wheat and in due time were loaded deep and ready for sea. The mate on this voyage was J. B. Miner, who at that time had not been in square rigged vessels much if any. Captain Gwynne was an old whaler whom Mr. Mallory had cajoled into buying into the "Eliza Mallory" and who had never been in anything but a whaler in his life. I always got along very well with him and considered him a very smart, capable man. For cook we had the same old Nig that was in the "Romulus" when I was on her as a boy, from Mystic. Jo Beebe represented the rest of the culinary department. On the 16th of December 1857 our crew came on board and we sailed for Bristol. Upon getting to sea we found that she leaked pretty bad and worked a good deal, being so heavily laden. The winds held fair and our Captain who had never seen a ship go more than 7 knots, was much pleased to see 12 knots come off the reel and appeared to think (rather naturally) that the more wind, the faster she would go under the same sail. This was the difficulty. The wind breezed up gradually but we did not take any sail in at all. Therefore at 4 p.m. of the third day out the strain on the mizzentopmast caused by the royal and topgallant braces (including royal and topgallant studding sails) became so great that the said topmast broke short off by the cap, landing the crosstrees over the main spencer gaff and leaving the mizzen topgallant and royal masts and sails towing far astern. Nor was this all, for the main topmast and topgallant mast being so suddenly deprived of the necessary support of the braces, immediately followed the example of the mizzen and down came the whole arrangement on top of the midship house, except what hung from the main topsail yard, for the top mast broke off in the sheave hole and left the yard aloft with the weight of the whole wreck hanging over it and reaching down to the deck. Here was a sad mishap to our anticipations. We went to work and shortened sail forward and double reefed the topsail and then running under easy sail began to clear away the wreck and worked all night and all next day and succeeded in saving all the rigging

and the main topgallant mast whole. All the mizzen spars were in fragments and also the maintopgallant yard. We had a spare topmast laying on deck and to fit it, send down the old stump, the main and topsail yard and got the new topmast aloft, employed all the fine weather there was for the next 5 or 6 days, and the mizzen we could do nothing to as we had no spare spars for that mast. The winds fortunately remained fair and not much bad weather followed and in about 16 days from the time of leaving New York we saw Lundy Island at the entrance of Bristol Channel and the next day arrived at the King Roads off the mouth of the Avon River on which Bristol is situated, nine miles from its mouth. The tide ebbs and flows here from 25 to 40 feet and at low water the Avon shows nothing but a small, muddy brook, while at high tide the largest ships find plenty of water for passing to and from the city. The scenery on the Avon is very picturesque and grand. The banks on both sides being generally formed by perpendicular cliffs of lofty height with here and there a valley through which you might see the highly cultivated fields and numerous villages and farm-houses inland, and almost every foot of ground rich in historical incident -- principally, I think, connected with the time of Cromwell and the Commonwealth. Just before reaching the dock gates we saw on the edges of the cliffs each side of the river, a tower built for the purpose of supporting the wires of a suspension bridge. This was not built at the time we were there, but it has been finished since and is now (1858) in full operation, and the tallest ships pass under it and still the passengers on the bridge are far above their loftiest mast. The docks of Bristol are formed by the river itself, which is turned from its channel and kept up to a height sufficient to float ships of all sizes by means of a lock and proper dock gates. Bristol was in olden times the second commercial city in England. But Liverpool, owing to its contiguity to all the great manufactories of the north, has left it far behind in commerce, and now it is only a port of third rate importance, keeping up but a small trade to the "West Indies" and Africa" and importing a few cargoes of grain from America or Russia. The general appearance of Bristol, its streets and buildings, remind one of London, as it has that look of age and a venerable appearance, which you may look in vain for in Liverpool or any place of rapid growth. There is a cozy, sober and sleepy air that pervades the narrow streets and high gables, which seems to have exactly that influence on the beholder and you almost cease to wonder why the Bristolions have been left so far behind by their more enterprising countrymen of the north.

The "Eliza Mallory" went into dock and discharged her cargo, which was as I expected, badly damaged. We got some new spars and rigged her up again in good style and then loaded railroad iron for Havana. Our stay here occupied about five or six weeks and no changes took place among the crew. About the first of March 1858, we sailed with a strong, fair wind and every prospect of a fine, pleasant passage. When after being out for two days, one of the men was taken sick with that miserable and troublesome complaint, smallpox. He was quickly followed by another and so 'til six were down at once and on the 11th of March one of them died, raving mad. From that time 'til we came near the Island of Cuba, some 50 days, we had more or less of it all the time. All on board who had not been vaccinated had it, no more dying with it though. We had hard work some of the time to work ship, but the weather being fine, we got along pretty well and arrived in Havana about the first of May. This harbor is one of the finest I was ever in. Completely land locked and only a very narrow entrance, there is sufficient water and fine anchorage in almost all parts of the bay. A thousand sail have room and to spare, laying at single anchor. Everything is planned, however, with the usual Spanish ideas of convenience -- for with all the sea front of the city, vessels are not allowed to lay alongside the jetty or wharf to load or unload, but must drop a large anchor off from the stern and haul the bow up to the wharf and take out everything over the bow. Now this was very convenient for discharging bars of iron weighing 500 lbs.

each, but we had to do it and did do it with our crew working for a month in that hot climate. I must say though, that while working on the cargo, all hands remained in perfect health. About the first of June we finished discharging and hauled out into the spacious bay and anchored and soon after made preparations to receive on board a cargo of sugar for Falmouth and a market. Then our troubles began. One of our crew was taken sick and sent ashore to the hospital. Next day I was also taken down with fever and after remaining on board 3 or 4 days and growing worse all the time, they took me ashore, delirious and raving. I had pretty good treatment or else it was the lack of any treatment that saved me. All that was done was to take away what little blood remained by cupping and then leave me alone with plenty of water to drink, but no food for nearly a week in which time the fever had left me and I began to be hungry. Food was given at first very sparingly and after awhile, as much as I could eat, and on the 12th day after going there, I came away all right. On returning to the ship I found six of the crew had died during the time and nearly every day a new case broke out and soon afterwards Captain Gwynne was taken down. He suffered very much and died on about the 6th day. I mourned his loss very sincerely, as our relations had been very pleasant together and he was one of the best men I have ever sailed with. The command now fell on the Chief Mate, Mr. Miner and I became Mate. After receiving about half our cargo, we were ordered round to Matanzas to finish loading, new hands were shipped and we ran round in a short time, but when we cast anchor at the latter place, nearly half the crew were fever stricken. We took them ashore, shipping others in their places and probably before finishing loading, we had a dozen crews. At length we were ready to sail and with one passenger, a friend of Captain Miner's named Townsend, who thought to take a pleasure trip to Europe. Picking up as much of a crew as possible, we left the shores of the plague stricken Cuba. But no sooner had we left the land, than the sickness broke out again, worse than ever. Eight men forward were sick at the same time, Mr. Townsend also. He died raving mad just off Charleston and for three following days we lost a man each day and thus we had scarcely enough to work the ship in fine weather. So instead of keeping on the voyage, Captain Miner went into the harbor of Newport, R.I., to recruit and get our sick well. Now, the Newport authorities had no quarantine ground on which to land passengers, and sick persons from vessels, so they made us anchor off Rose Island and become a hospital of ourselves. This was pleasant to be confined on board ship for weeks together, to see the harbor alive with pleasure seekers and not be allowed either to land or receive visitors, except the port physician and health officer. The sick meantime improved in health, but as fast as one lot got well, more were taken down, not seriously, but still quite sufficient to prevent us from getting clean papers. After laying there about 3 weeks, the Captain received permission to land. He did so without delay and went home to his family, where he remained 'til the epidemic had died out on board for want of material. This was 60 days after our first arrival when we received liberty to land all hands on Rose Island, burn their clothes, and then smoke out and otherwise purify the ship. All this was successfully accomplished in due time and the old crew finally discharged and replaced by another crowd, and about the last of August we weighed anchor again and without meeting any more mishaps arrived safely at Falmouth, after a quick and pleasant passage.

Falmouth is an old Cornish town, situated on the southwest side of the very excellent harbor of the same name. The town is not progressive, but very interesting from its antiquity and sleepiness. The harbor however is one of the finest in all England, affording shelter and sufficient depth of water for a very great number of ships. The "Eliza Mallory" had to lay here for a certain time for orders, and when the owners of the cargo saw fit they could order us to go to any port in the kingdom to discharge.

After the sails were furled and things made snug, our Captain went ashore and I was left in charge. We laid there about three weeks, painting and putting the ship in order, before the orders came for us to proceed to Bristol. During this time I made several trips in our boat to a number of villages at the head of the harbor, got acquainted with some pleasant farm people of both sexes and enjoyed myself very much. I did not go ashore much at the town of Falmouth for the reason that I did not care to meet the Captain. I liked to have him think that I was staying on board the ship, hard at work all the time. At length one Sunday morning the Captain came off, bringing a pilot and we got underway and sailed out of the harbor with a light easterly wind which had just taken the place of a fortnight's series of strong westerly gales and besides ourselves, were as many as 50 or 60 vessels of different sizes and rigs that had been laying wind bound here. Added to these were as many or more from Plymouth, so that in the afternoon when we hauled up at the Land's End and steered in towards the Bristol Channel, I am sure we were in company with as many as 200 sails of all sorts and sizes. That night our wind breezed up rapidly and it came by midnight a very severe gale with rain from N.E. and it lasted for three whole days during which we had to work very hard pulling and hauling and taking care of our sails of which we lost quite a number. Added to this our ship heavily laden as she was, began to leak and we had to keep pumping all the time to keep her free. We were also in great danger of collision and had two or three narrow escapes from that peril. I remember this gale as one of the worst I have ever had and was very glad when after such a drubbing we arrived at last safely in Bristol again. I found myself welcomed very cordially by the friends I had made during my last visit and I laid myself out to have a good time in my own way to make up as far as possible for our sufferings and deprivations of the past summer. Our cargo was soon discharged and we found it badly damaged by the leak during the late gale. After putting our ship in drydock and caulking and coppering, we proceeded to take in cargo for New York, consisting of railroad iron and 200 tons of scouring (bath) brick and about the middle of December we bade farewell to Bristol and sailed down the channel past Lundy Island and still on past Cape Clear with a fine fair wind and we began to indulge in pleasant anticipation of a quick passage, when after about three days run the wind came round to the westward and blew and blew and blew harder. Our old craft soon began to leak again, worse than ever. Our cargo began to work loose and keep us busy checking it off and we had hard work to keep the sails in any kind of order by continually patching and repairing them. There seemed, as day after day passed, no prospect of a change and with the hard work, poor food, and being almost constantly soaked in salt water, our spirits were depressed to the lowest point. One night after we had been out from port about 10 days, it was my first watch on deck. The wind was blowing a howling gale and the sea very large and dangerous. The ship was under very short sail, rolling to windward fearfully. The watch on deck, consisting of six men, were down between decks, checking off the cargo or trying to do so with firewood and such planks as we had, and I was standing aft, by the helmsman. It must have been about 10 o'clock I should think, when a sea boarded us fore and aft. I never saw anything like it before or since. It carried away the fore main and mizzen channels, coming over the poop deck. It took both quarter boats, filled the main spencer full of water, and tore it from the mast and carried off the booby hatch. On the main deck it washed out all the sides of the house and most of the lee bulwarks, entirely gutted the galley, leaving the cooking range in the lee scuppers, washed all the spare spars away from the top of the house and stove in one side of our long boat, which was lashed there. It carried away entirely the cutwater and head gear and washed the fore topmast staysail right out of its boltrope. The old ship trembled all over and it seemed to me that she was considering, like an overloaded and tormented beast of burden, whether

it was best to struggle on a little longer or by quietly sinking to end her troubles and miseries. Fortunately she did not sink just then and after the water ran off we went to work to get things secured as best we could. And so the night passed, and when the wished for day dawned, our once neat and trim ship, looked a good deal like a washed out wreck and it was not long before we noticed that the mainmast was badly gone, just below the top, a great crack clear through it, opening and closing every time the ship rolled or pitched and threatening to come down about our heads any time. The gale had by this time moderated considerably, and we went to work at once and sent down the main royal and topgallant yard, and topgallant mast and lashed the spare spar on the mainmast to prevent it going altogether. This took all day and in the meantime our captain had concluded to put back to Cork for repairs and kept off before the wind under such sail as could be set. The wind now died out to a gentle breeze and we steered the course the captain gave us to pass Cape Clear. All that night, all the next day and on the following night at about 12 o'clock we were much surprised to see very high land to the south of us and soon after that a light was seen on the other side. It then became apparent that our course had been laid too much to the North and in place of being off the South end of Ireland, we were somewhere in the middle of that coast. We at once hauled our ship close to the wind, head to North, and set more sail. About this time the wind again breezed up and when day at length broke, it found us carrying a heavy press of canvass in order to keep off a lee shore between Limerick and Galway. It is impossible to give anyone who has not been similarly situated any idea of the hardships of the following three days. The wind always blowing from one direction, directly on shore, varied in force from a heavy gale to a very strong breeze and our hopes of escape varied in an inverse way. Our poor tempest tossed ship was at times within two miles of the perpendicular cliffs of Enniskerry and just as we would begin to despair of escaping being dashed in pieces against the cavernous and cruel rocks by the breakers that broke savagely on them, a few minutes lull would lift our spirits up again. And with being wet constantly with the salt spray that flew over us continually and hard work repairing our sails and rigging and never letting the pump stop, all hands were pretty nearly used up when we were enabled by the wind at length changing, to run in to the Bay of Galway and glad we all were when the cable rattled through the hawsehole and the anchor brought her up in Galway Harbor.

Galway is a town of very great antiquity, now containing about 20,000 population, situated on the north side of Galway Bay and on both sides of the outlet of Loch Corrib which is a good sized lake lying some ten miles North of the town. There is nothing very remarkable about the town, except some ruins of rude castles and towers of a long past age. There were not many rich people there and the condition of the poor was like all parts of Ireland I ever visited, miserable and hopeless. Still they appeared to be a naturally light hearted race of people and with all their poverty and constant anxiety about the rent, they have never relapsed into that apathetic stolidity and brutishness that characterizes the low class peasant of the sister island. There is also much to interest one in a peculiar village compactly located on the right bank of the river. It is called the Claddagh. The inhabitants nearly all get their living by fishing and they have never taken up with either the English customs or language. Hardly any of the old and few of the young understand or speak a word of English and their houses and manner of life do not differ from those of their ancestors of centuries ago. In their rude boats, they may be found far out from the land successfully defying the rough seas and heavy gales in quest of their scanty livelihood, and they are a kindly people, hospitable, and deeply religious. They are said to have a strain of Spanish blood and in character are affectionate, brave, jealous and revengeful. At the time of which I write, there was one small dock at the port which could only be entered at high water with a

draft of 14 feet. We had therefore to lighten cargo in small boats until our ship came to that draft, when we went into the dock, which was just long enough for our ship and nothing to spare. We remained here about 2 months during which we replaced our broken spars, got some new sails, caulked and did other repairs and finally reloaded our cargo and were ready to sail about the first of April. In my leisure time I took many rambles around the town and vicinity, became acquainted with some very pleasant people, spent but little money and came away with very pleasant impressions of the old Irish town. After leaving Galway, we had rather favorable winds and it was not many days before we were off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland and there I saw the largest icebergs I ever did see before or since. One I remember, we estimated by the speed of the ship as we sailed past it, to be six miles in length and certainly it was not less than 250 feet high. We were among the ice in the fog most of the time for about a week and I have not thought of it since without wonder that we did not crash into some of the bergs. The sailor who reads this will probably say what business had you so far North at that season. Well, I cannot tell, I was mate and had nothing to do with it. Captain Miner was not, I now think, much of a sailor, or a man of very sound judgement. It is said that the Lord sometimes takes care of those who cannot take care of themselves. This may have been Captain Miner's case while we were in the ice, but it did not continue so, for soon after we got clear of the ice we ran ashore one dark and foggy night on the South side of Sable Island. She didn't stick though, for after pounding very heavily several time, she floated off into deep water again, but the ill usage her bottom received in that short time, sent us quickly to the pumps, where we had to remain steadily at work and were just able to keep even with the leak. After pumping for about 20 hours, the fog let up and we saw close to us several smacks fishing for codfish. One of these we hailed, his Captain came on board and I was soon called down into the cabin to witness an agreement whereby Captain Miner agreed to give him \$4,000.00 to put some spare men on board our ship to pump and to follow us to New York with the vessel. The transfer of men was soon effected and in five days from that time with fine weather and fair winds, we reached New York in safety. Thus ended a voyage most remarkable for misfortunes and ill luck. During the whole year and a half we had not been able to make a single passage without either springing a leak, carrying away spars or having sickness on board. We had lost our Captain and not less than a dozen men and the loss to the owners must have been very large. I was not sorry to leave the "Eliza Mallory" and did so as soon as she got to the dock. To conclude the history of this unlucky ship, it only remains to say that she was repaired and sailed in the ensuing fall for New Orleans, where she arrived without accident, loaded cotton for Europe and while coming up the straits of Florida, encountered a hurricane which drove her ashore on the beach below Jupiter, where she speedily went to pieces and that's the last of her.

I remained home in Mystic all summer, assisting my father on the farm and amusing myself among my friends until Autumn, when I went down to New York and after looking about for a few days, shipped as mate of the bark "R.H. Gamble", a small vessel of 350 tons, engaged regularly between New York and St. Marks, Florida. I remained in that vessel for about two years, steadily in one trade and during that time nothing of importance or worth mentioning took place on the voyages. In the spring of 1860 I married the lady to whom I had been for some time engaged and the owners of the "Gamble" gave me promises to soon put me in command of a vessel. But the unsettled relations between the North and South delayed their action, and May 1861 found me in Mobile with a general cargo from New York. When we passed in we were astonished when they fired a shot across our bows as we were sailing past. We took this attention for an invitation to heave to, which we did without delay. A small steam launch at once put off from the Fort and came

alongside. An officer sprang on board, asked our Captain where we were from and other questions and in answer to the Captain's inquiring why they had fired across our bow, told him that it was always customary and obligatory for foreign vessels to display their ensign when coming into port and to dip their flag to a fort. Captain Powell said he didn't know before that Mobile was a foreign port to an American ship. "Well," says the officer, "we are tired in the South of living under the same government as the D--d Yankees and we have started a decent government for ourselves and our niggers." After some further talk, he told the Captain we could proceed on to town if he would dip his flag to the Fort. Now Captain Powell was an old American sailor and had all a sailor's love for the flag he had sailed under all his life, but he was most anxious to get on with his voyage and so he reluctantly lowered the dear old flag to the new and flaunting Confederate flag that waved over the ramparts, and then we hove up and went to town, where we found things in a very excited state. We put out our cargo and put in a few tons of ballast and after some more bother and detention, were allowed to go to sea, but I believe we were the last vessel that entered Mobile in a regular way until the war was ended nearly four years later.

We shaped our course for Key West and after laying there a few days and taking in part of a cargo, proceeded to New York, arriving there on the 20th of May, 1861. I there left the "Gamble" as she was about to sail for Spain, and about three months afterwards I heard of her having sunk at sea with a load of salt bound from Cadiz to Boston. The Captain of this vessel was a queer specimen. Of Irish birth, he had been a sailor all his life and master for a long time. A thorough seaman and of excellent judgment, though nearly uneducated, warm hearted and generous, he and his numerous family lived from hand to mouth, and while I was with him, I don't think at sea he ever went to bed thoroughly sober during the whole time. I believe the "Gamble" was his last command and for some years afterwards he earned a poor living as night watchman and shipkeeper, and he often came around to look up his old acquaintances who had been more fortunate than himself, and I think the most of them would find a spare five dollar bill to gladden the old man's heart. He finally joined the "Majority" and I think if an honest and well meaning life entitles poor humanity to a better life, that "Old John" was not without his reward.

The birth of my oldest daughter and the ill health of my wife, made it necessary for me to remain at home during the summer of 1861, and an exciting summer it was, too. The massing of armies in the North and South, each man intent on killing his countrymen, was something new to the American mind and our people soon realized the truth of what we had often read, that there is no war like a civil war to excite the bitter and vindictive passions of a people. The defeat of the National armies at Bull Run and Ball's Bluff, one after the other, created a feeling of determination and stern resolve in the North that never flagged to the end, and had the immediate effect of making nearly every available young man anxious to enlist and do his part in restoring the integrity to the Union and punishing those who had attempted to undo the work of our forefathers who had so bravely and successfully laid the foundation of the Republic. I cannot say that I was at all anxious to go to the war at that time. Had I remained home longer, it is more than likely I should have tried the Navy, but that was not to be, for on the 11th of December, 1861, I sailed from New York as chiefmate of the new bark "Diadem", on a voyage to Shanghai. The "Diadem" was a very fine vessel of nearly 600 tons, built for and commanded by Captain J. N. Sawyer, who was at that time about 32 years of age and who was accompanied by his wife and infant daughter. I will say here that my relations with him on the long voyage we were about to undertake, continued to be pleasant ones and now after nearly 30 years our

friendship has remained unbroken and has extended to our children and may possibly go on to another generation after we are both gone from here. Nor can I miss this occasion to speak of his good wife who after all these years and having in mind hundreds of women I have since known more or less intimately, remains my ideal of amiability, even temper, and real goodness of heart. Unfortunately she was not permitted to share the prosperity that attended the Captain in these later years or see her daughters come to the front as good and useful women as they have done.

The "Diadem" was heavily laden with coal and did not prove to be a very fast sailer and moreover the winds did not favor us and it was about 90 days after our departure from New York ere we were off the Cape of Good Hope and another 90 from that time before we passed through "Sunda Straits". I think there are very few men living who have been "out of sight of land", absolutely without one look at "Tierra Firma" as long as we were on that voyage. No remarkable incident occurred however and we arrived at "Shanghai" about the 15th of July 1862.

Shanghai is one of the most important of Chinese seaports and probably has at this time as it did then, more trade than any of the others. It is situated at the head of navigation on the small river Woosung, about 20 miles from where that river empties its muddy waters into the great Yangtze, which river is well known as one of the largest in the world. The delta of which is not like that of the Amazon or Mississippi, cut up into many channels, but forms for 75 or 100 miles from its mouth, a great bay like a tunnel from ten to 90 miles wide and is safely navigable for the largest ships, more than 900 miles from its mouth. No other river in the world has this advantage. The mouth of the Woosung is about 30 miles up from the entrance to the estuary and there is nothing pretty or impressive to be seen as its banks are very low and often overflowed. The waters are very dirty, being laden with soil brought down by its swift current from the country through which it flows. We easily sailed up as far as Woosung, but the journey from there to Shanghai occupied several days of hard work, backing and filling, and drifting with the tide when it was in our favor and anchoring when it was against us. The river was narrow and filled with countless Chinese craft, which being new to me were objects of great interest, as also were the numerous villages and houses that line its banks.

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very easily as on another occasion when we are in a place like Paris. But I miss this occasion to speak of his good wife who - for all these years and having in mind hundreds of women I have since known more or less intimately, remains by ideal of reliability, even tonight, and real comfort of heart. Unfortunately she was not permitted to share the privilege that attended the Captain in these later years of her daughter's coming to the front as good and useful woman as they have done.

The "Bismarck" was heavily laden with coal and did not appear to be a very fast sailer and moreover the winds did not favor us and it was about 24 days after our departure from New York and we were all the time of food, coal and another 25 tons that this before we passed through "Suez" I think there are very few men living who have been "all at right of hand", absolutely without one look at "Terror Time" as long as we were on that voyage. No remarkable incident occurred however and we arrived at Shanghai about the 15th of July 1925.

Shanghai is one of the most important of Chinese seaports and probably one of the best in the world. It is a fine city, more than any of the others. It is situated on the head of navigation on the great river Yangtze, about 20 miles from where that river enters the muddy waters into the great Yangtze, which river is well known as one of the largest in the world. The basin of which is not like that of the Amazon on the Amazon, but into many channels, but forms for 15 or 160 miles from its mouth a great big like a funnel from 30 miles wide and is easily navigable for the largest ships, more than 500 miles from its mouth. No other river in the world has this advantage. The mouth of the Yangtze is about 30 miles from the entrance to the estuary and there is nothing pretty or picturesque to be seen as its banks are very low and often overgrown. The banks are very dirty, being laden with soil brought down by its swift current from the country through which it flows. The water is not up as far as Hoochow, but the journey from Hoochow to Shanghai is a very long one of mud, water, backing and filling, and drifting with the tide. It is in the harbor and anchored when it was against us. The river was narrow and filled with countless Chinese craft, which helped us to no small extent of these later years, as there were the numerous villages and houses that line the banks.

